

Catholic Digest



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AUGUST, 1945

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CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

The fear of the Lord is honor, and glory, and gladness, and a crown of joy. The fear of the Lord shall delight the heart: and shall give joy, and gladness, and length of days. With him that feareth the Lord, it shall go well in the latter end: and in the day of his death he shall be blessed.

From Matins of the Fourth Sunday of August.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and books, and upon non-Catholic sources as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic publications. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



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The Sisters and the Seabees

By EDGAR L. JONES

Thanks to the Yanks

Condensed from the *Atlantic Monthly**

In a palm-shrouded, forgotten corner of the Gilbert Islands I have just met three Catholic nuns, survivors of Japanese occupation, who daily say grateful prayers for the U. S. Navy Seabees. To those three Sisters, isolated for many years in a native mission, the Seabees are gum-chewing Galahads, saints on bulldozers, laughing, souvenir-crazy, benevolent Yanks, who brought them the 20th century, complete with refrigeration.

The three Sisters are the only white women on Apamama, a sleepy tropical island almost exactly on the equator. On some maps the 20-mile atoll is spelled Abemama, but on most maps it is not spelled at all. Unlike Tarawa, Apamama is richly verdant, one of the few atolls which satisfy an American's dreams of a South Sea paradise. On it 1,000 Micronesian natives live effortlessly on coconuts and fish.

Until the Japanese occupied Apamama in 1942, the island slumbered in a

timeless setting. Four times a year a trading schooner stopped briefly to exchange tobacco and brightly colored cloth for copra, the natives' one cash crop. The missionary Sisters attended to the natives' educational and spiritual needs. No white visitors ever remained long on Apamama. Therefore the Japanese, with a garrison force of fewer than 200 men, had no trouble in establishing the New Order, which at best only amounted to bullying a few natives into digging defensive positions for guns.

By November, 1943, when our Marines took over, the Japanese garrison had dwindled to 25 men who ran a radio and weather station. While the bulk of the American invasion forces were battling for Tarawa, a small group of Marines landed by submarine on near-by Apamama, where they killed one Japanese and shoveled dirt into the hole where the remaining 24 had conveniently committed suicide.

*8 Arlington St., Boston, 16, Mass. June, 1945.

Although the Japanese occupation did nothing to disturb the lethargy of life on Apamama, it was a different story when the U. S. Seabees swarmed ashore on the heels of the Marines. With bulldozers, road graders, and steam rollers, the Seabees whacked a broad swath through the coconut trees and laid down a coral-packed airstrip. They dredged the reefs for sufficient sand to extend a stout pier into the deep water, erected a city of Quonset huts and tents, constructed machine shops and control towers, and introduced the mystifying game of baseball.

Several weeks passed before the Seabees had time to investigate the Society of the Sacred Heart mission situated for many years on a remote tip of Apamama. Except at low tide, the mission was cut off from the main portion of the island, and the first Seabees to go across the reef were awed by their discovery of the three white Sisters and an aged French priest, who lifted his mosquito netting and waved from the bed where he had lain ill for more than a year.

To the Seabees, the mission was out of this world, a fragment of yesterday which they could appreciate but never understand. The graying clapboard church, standing in a landscaped clearing, created a spiritual atmosphere in sharp contrast to their own warring world. The barnlike schoolhouse with its ancient wooden benches was a throwback to Tom Brown and David Copperfield. Why the three Sisters, Australians by birth, had devoted their lives to the indolent, uncaring natives,

the Seabees did not know, but they instinctively realized that these Sisters were lonely white women who lacked nearly every essential of physical comfort. The word spread, and on succeeding Sundays the Seabees came in laughing, jostling jeep loads, all bearing gifts.

As the Sisters themselves point out, the Japanese had not actually mistreated them nor molested the mission. But they were continually sneaking about, hoping to find fresh food and wine, scouring the underbrush for supposedly downed American flyers, and prying into every corner after a hidden radio set. The last trading schooner had stopped at Apamama late in 1941, and for two years the Sisters had to carry on their missionary work without benefit of fresh provisions, without medical supplies, without mail or any news from the Allied world. The old French priest, their spiritual leader, was slowly dying, and the presence of their Japanese conquerors had seemed like an unending nightmare.

Then the Seabees came. They did not sneak into the mission grounds, as the Japanese had done; nor did they stand and look about quietly, minding their own business, as the Sisters' British countrymen would probably have done. From the commanding officer to the unrated seaman, the Seabees adopted the Sisters as their personal charges, stocked the mission with canned rations, passed along books and newspapers, shared their candy from home, and made sure that the bedridden priest had the best of medical care.

They displayed pictures of their wives, requested countless souvenirs, talked about their girls with candid optimism, and asked a thousand personal questions.

Unless one has actually seen the expression on the faces of the three Sisters as they discuss the Seabees, it is difficult to appreciate how much the Seabees mean to them. The three Sisters were no longer young women. One had spent 22 years in native missions, and the other two almost as many. The few men they ever before had known treated them deferentially, as nuns. They had never met anyone from the U. S.

I asked the Sisters how it seemed suddenly to have so many Americans around all at once. They smiled and admitted that they were alarmed at first, because they did not know how to take the Seabees. The Yanks, they said, were never disrespectful, and yet they managed to incorporate the Sisters in their American way of living with an alacrity which left the Sisters gasping. They were swept into a new world of laughing banter, bewildering candor, and casual generosity. Before long the Sisters were swapping jest for jest, flying about the island in jeeps, and delighting in their unexpected but never unexciting life as the Sisters of the Seabees.

The Seabees knew that soon they would move from Apamama to a new base closer to Japan, where fresh supplies and a more hazardous reconstruction job would await them. So, with plenty of equipment on hand, they set

out to modernize the mission. In the church, schoolhouse, and living quarters of the Sisters and the priest, the Seabees replaced the flickering candles with electric lights. They taught a native how to operate the small portable electric generator which they left behind with an ample supply of fuel.

Unwilling to see the frail Sisters carrying cumbersome buckets of water from a well, they presented them with an electric pump, salvaged from the Japanese. They did the wiring and plumbing on their time off. Apologizing for not being able to furnish them with an electric washing machine, the Seabees gave the Sisters a kerosene refrigerator, an unheard of luxury for tropical-islanders. For the first time the grateful women were able to have ice-cold water and keep their provisions fresh. The Seabees even taught them how to make ice cream from canned milk and powdered fruit extracts. As a final gesture of good will, the Seabees brought the whole world within range by producing a radio powerful enough to pick up music and news from America, Australia, and New Zealand.

The tiny church, when I saw it, had its altar bedecked with hundreds of delicate paper flowers. When I marveled at the flowers, one of the Sisters explained that the natives had made them from colored paper sent from the States. Real flowers are scarce on Apamama because of the absence of bees. So a Seabee had written to his mother that the Sisters needed colored paper, and had given her the name of the mission and of the nearest naval air trans-

port unit. The delicate Madonna standing behind the altar rail had come from a similar source. Long after the Seabees had left, the statue arrived in a package postmarked Chicago.

The Sisters were wearing ankle-length blue and white habits which reminded me of the uniforms worn by nurse's aides back home. Wondering where they were able to get the material, I found that the answer, once again, was the Seabees. One of the men from a field hospital brought them some white sheets and then had his mother send blue dye from America. The Sisters' special delight was their habits reserved for Sunday best, hand-made from the silk of a slightly damaged parachute.

They showed me their Seabee library, as they called it. On the left side of a large bookcase were their own religious books and publications in faded paper bindings; on the right were at least 200 new books in bright covers.

More than a year has passed since the first Seabees discovered the Sisters. The war has left Apamama 2,000 miles behind the front. At irregular intervals small interisland boats of the British crown colony stop at the atoll to leave

food and mail, and patrol planes circle it to make sure everything is in order.

For the three Sisters, life is much more abundant than during their pre-Seabee days. If you visit them, they proudly exhibit their electric generator, purring complacently under a plaited grass canopy, and lead you into the presence of their cherished Madonna, and, on special occasions, take a bottle of wine from their precious refrigerator so that you can drink a toast with the old French priest, who now is in better health and looking forward to his transfer to a cooler climate.

When their shyness has worn away, they will ask you to sign their guest book below the names of more than 300 Seabees. If you want to feel a warming wave of pride in your countrymen, ask about those Seabees, what they were like, whether or not they were mostly of the same religion as the Sisters. Without hesitation and as a sort of benediction, the three Sisters will assure you that their Seabees were of no one race, creed, or color, they were "just plain Yanks," for whose safety the Sisters pray daily as they follow the news over their powerful Seabee radio.



Everybody

When the KKK was running rampant over the country, two small-town grocers were competitors, their stores facing each other across the street. One of them put up this sign: "Trade with me, I'm a 100% American. I hate all Catholics, Negroes and Jews." The next day, not to be outdone, his competitor put out this sign: "Trade with me. I'm 200% American. I hate everybody."

W. G. Montgomery in the *Victorian* (June '45).

City of the Simple

By J. H. McCOWN, S.J.

Condensed from the *Savior's Call**

Christian psychiatry

A pretty little Irish princess, martyred 1,200 years ago, by her death laid the foundations for one of the most advanced modern systems of caring for the insane. Psychiatry honors the system as the Gheel plan; the Church honors its patroness, St. Dymphna.

In the 7th century, Dymphna, Christian daughter of a pagan king in Ireland, fled her country to escape persecution by her father. She was accompanied by her confessor, Gerebernus, and by the court jester and his wife. The little group made its way to the shrine of St. Martin on the site of the present town of Gheel, Belgium. There they settled and began to live as holy ascetics. But the furious king trailed them, and had them all slain, except Dymphna. The soldiers balked, so her father himself killed her.

So Dymphna and Gerebernus were thenceforth venerated locally as saints. Their bodies somehow disappeared, and not until the early part of the 13th century were they rediscovered. Soon remarkable cures of the mentally afflicted began to take place at their shrines. Next, thousands of pilgrims began to pour into Gheel.

The townspeople offered the pilgrims the Christian hospitality of medieval Europe. Since there were always scores of mental patients, there grew up among the citizens a deep sympathy

for them. Even when miracles did not occur the patients nearly always grew much happier, and improved in the new atmosphere of understanding. And so they stayed and became part of the everyday life of one of the most interesting towns in the world, Gheel, "city of the simple." Before the beginning of the 14th century a new and clearly recognizable method of treatment had developed. Instead of concentrating large numbers of mental cases under one roof, as in the present institutional method, or treating them as criminals, or people accursed, the patients are placed in qualified families.

Under the guidance of the Church and the patronage of Sts. Dymphna and Gerebernus, whose basilica occupies the center of the town, the Gheel system is today essentially what it was 600 years ago. The only change is that, in later years, with the number of patients increasing, the state has undertaken the financial support and regulation of the colony.

The "asylum" at Gheel occupies a semirural area within a circumference of 30 miles around the town. Fifteen hundred families, about half the population, live there and take in 3,000 patients. Usually two patients of the same sex and mental type are put into each home.

Here they enter into the intimate

*The *Salvatorian Fathers*, St. Nazianz, Wis. June, 1945.

family lives of their hosts. They take part in all family recreation and work. Most of them engage in simple agricultural tasks in keeping with their skills. But there are patients in every walk of life. Perhaps the mad little dressmaker will tell you with quiet confidence that she has a radio in her head. And if you watch her you will see her solemnly twist her left ear to tune in a station. But all are harmless, and the good-natured townspeople accept their fantasies with satisfactory expressions of astonishment. Everyone in Gheel knows who the patients are and everyone takes them for granted, helping them when they need it, and, above all, showing them respect at all times. This intimate association guarantees that no patient ever gets "lost" in the scheme.

The colony's center is a modern sanitarium, with a staff of trained specialists and supervisors. The central institution never has more than 100 inmates. Its function is to serve as a clearinghouse for new patients. Here they are observed, diagnosed, classified; here it is determined what kind of home would be best suited for each. Old patients are returned to the center for special observation, review, reclassification, custodial care, special treatment and training.

The center also serves as operational base for the medical staff. The trained specialists constantly check the progress of the patients and visit foster homes. But the visits, as everything else at Gheel, are informal social calls.

The families take great pride in hav-

ing patients. Indeed, it is considered a serious disgrace to have one's home declared unsuitable for patients. Families having an unhappy home life, or of questionable reputation, or dealing in intoxicating liquors, or unable to provide proper care, suitable occupation, or recreation facilities are not considered adequate. There is, however, always a waiting list of approved families.

Many families take pride in the fact that for hundreds of years they have proved themselves worthy of this responsibility. Experience in handling the mentally handicapped is handed down from generation to generation. It is no wonder that many of them, even the children, show an undeniable skill in practical psychiatry.

It is important that the patients be placed at the same cultural and economic level they have been accustomed to. Those from rural families are placed with farmers; they constitute the greater part of the inmates. Within the town every trade and every business has its share of inmates. The most cultured and wealthy families have their guests, too. For the economic motive is only secondary; rather are the citizens moved by Christian charity and high civic fervor. For the citizen of Gheel has a noble vocation cut out for him, the care of "God's little ones."

The story is told of one patient who imagines he is having a romantic love affair with one of the wealthiest ladies in town. Once a week he presents himself in front of her home. The lady always dresses in her finest and comes

driving out in her handsome carriage. As she passes, they bow low to each other and she flashes him a sweet smile. This contents him.

The following types are not placed in private homes: 1. Patients with acute disorders who are likely to recover in a few months. 2. Incurably noisy, destructive, violent, suicidal patients. 3. Those bedridden or requiring constant medical care. 4. Those undergoing special medical or psychiatric treatment. 5. Those having delusions of persecution. 6. Those having pronounced erotic tendencies. 7. Severe epileptics. Thus the field is narrowed down to the tractable, often amusing, usually lovable mental patients, who need only the personal care, guidance, and sympathy normally given to children.

All patients are to a greater or less extent socially irresponsible, and, surprisingly enough, most of them know this. Some are violent on arrival. But ultimately they make excellent adjustments, find a real place for themselves in a new society, and usually recover to some extent their touch with reality.

What is the motive behind this redemptive work? What accounts for the fact that the rate of cures and improvements is so much higher than with the typical asylum method? The answer is to be found in the exquisite Christlike charity of the people. And let us give due credit to St. Dymphna.

Several foreign countries have adopted the Gheel system, notably Germany, France, Spain, Switzerland, and Scotland. And it has worked with some

success in New York, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania. But none of those attempts has equaled the success of the modern Gheel colony. For without the high spiritual motivation of Gheel such a project seems to be predestined to mediocrity. At any rate, the spread and success of the system in our country have been slow.

Certainly, any kind of institutionalizing is only the second best way of readjusting any mildly afflicted social misfit. The more their treatment approximates the normal family atmosphere, the more successful is the cure. For the family, the right kind of family, is nature's own training center, and only in a family may a harmonious readjustment to society be made. As Dr. Edgar A. Doll* says: "In institutions, especially large public asylums, the necessary regimentation and standardization produce undesirable effects. The inmate becomes 'just a number,' freedom and family contact are lost, self-expression is repressed, social life curtailed. The ill effects of even the best hospitals are considerable. The patient is often repressed and harmed. In short, we have here most of the much publicized evil effects of large prisons. Add to this the fact that patients nearly always dread institutions."

Financial considerations also favor the Gheel system. Great savings can be made in institutional buildings. In America, costs run from \$2,000 to \$4,000 a bed. For many patients this cost is prohibitive. The Gheel plan operates

**The Family Care of Mental Patients*, 1936. Utica, N. Y.: State Hospitals Press. \$2.50.

at less than half the institutional cost per person, therefore twice as many patients could be handled annually. Patients, even the unskilled, could in large part offset the cost of their upkeep. It would be easier, provided the public appreciated the value of the plan, to get funds during the gradual development of a Gheel plan.

The Gheel foster-home idea is being used with splendid results in the care of orphans. Many child-care agencies pass up big orphanages, and are placing more children in foster homes, or at least breaking their numbers down into small family-size groups under the care of foster mothers.

There is little reason why such sympathetic treatment could not also be

given juvenile delinquents. Perhaps more case study, more supervision of foster homes would be required. But certainly something better could be provided for unfortunate boys and girls, usually the sad victims of unwholesome environment, than the many reform schools, often called "schools of crime" that fester in our country. We Americans, who think we are so far ahead of everybody in everything, might do well to check up on a few things.

An eminent psychiatrist of long experience was once asked what is the great commandment in dealing with mental patients and other social misfits. His answer still rings with vibrant Christian warmth: "Don't hurt them!"



Can't Afford It?

When young people plan to postpone raising a family for a few years after marriage they usually base their perverted course on the specious plea that they can't afford to have a baby until they get the furniture, home, or car paid for or a sufficient sum of money in the bank or, as they imply but do not say, until they overtake and perhaps gain a lap on the Joneses.

This "can't-afford" idea is as low as even the most despicable Yankee spirit can sink, I should say, and when I say Yankee I mean North American.

I maintain that anybody who is physically, morally, and financially fit to marry is fit to begin raising a family, and, if I had my way, anybody who married and remained childless for more than three years would begin then to pay the state an annual tax of approximately one-tenth of the annual income of husband and wife until a child was born or adopted.

Childless so-called "homes" should be erased from the picture of American life.

Dr. William Brady in his column (10 June '45).

Silver Wings Against the Blue

By WALTER SULLIVAN, C.S.P.

High-flying parish

Condensed from the *American Ecclesiastical Review**

Some time ago an articulate priest remarked that bishops and Religious superiors were not sending their race horses into the service. This observation was highly publicized by one of our slick magazines, and used effectively as an ecclesiastical blockbuster. Immediately after the explosion, bishops and superiors general scurried to scrutinize their paddocks and to announce that many of their speediest horses had indeed gone to the wars. This was truly reassuring. While one hates to think that civil and parochial turf is traversed only by young two-year-olds and the retired, the wind-broken, and spavined, neither could one relish the thought that the Army got only those refused by the soap factory.

Generally, the chaplains one meets have a sensible view of their achievements and effectiveness. A smug fellow indeed who thinks of himself as a race horse; and naive and stupid as well if he tells others the nice things he thinks about himself. Most chaplains have the good sense to realize Bob Hope is much funnier than they, that the Red Cross can lend more money, and Special Service can furnish more entertainments; but only they can say Mass and give absolution. There must always be a demand for Catholic chaplains, not because they are race horses, but because by divine decree no one

else can do their particular work. It is the consciousness of this truth that admits sunshine even into the stalls of the sacerdotal also-rans.

Much has been written about our chaplains' heroic work. Perhaps it is heroic, but it certainly isn't glamorous; (and in most instances it isn't heroic either). Running through the life of a chaplain, as through the life of any soldier, is a kind of inevitability, which at times will approximate a hopeless inevitability. Between midnight and early morning, probably about 4:30, my telephone would ring, summoning me to briefing. It would be about the same for all bombardment group chaplains. This had been going on for a long time: nearly three years for some, only two for me. There was a time when the chaplain got nervous and excited along with his flyers. But those days are gone, so are those flyers, either back to America, or to the Pacific war zone, or eternity; one can't very well be unduly agitated all the time and remain normal, or in the ETO.

But it was difficult to enter a briefing room in the early morning as the gunners came shuffling in, without feeling a surge of emotion, a tightening of the heartstrings. Most of the fellows had been playing with baby toys while I was studying philosophy in college; I was ordained before they were out of

*Box 20A, Catholic University of America, Washington, 17, D. C. June, 1945.

the grammar school. They never knew their childhood and schooldays were leading to this; nor did I ever think philosophy would be burdened with the problem of discovering purpose in such a mad world. They came from the far ends of America, from every stratum of society, from every national origin.

As they slithered in to fill the briefing room, one could pick out those he knew; for he didn't know them all. Not one of the present gunners was here when our group came overseas and started operations; and it was rather hard to keep acquainted with the new arrivals. Sergeant William I knew quite well. He had flown 20 missions. He was a student of architecture at the University of Virginia when the war broke out. He comes from an old southern family, is a big, handsome fellow, married to a Brooklyn girl, and doesn't like Noel Coward. He is a convert since coming to England, and attends Mass every afternoon that he can. Sergeant Curran studied out in Nebraska with the Jesuits, who taught him Greek, which he still knows. He is a devout Catholic, and is a courageous gunner. Every day before taking off on a mission he read over the interphone the prayer to St. Theresa for flyers; the entire crew said the prayer along with him, even the non-Catholics. He is highly respected; his crew admitted often that when fighter attacks were fiercest, Curran's head was coolest. Hunter, from Boston, is forever laughing and unruffled; he looks young enough for grammar school, though nearly 20.

Each in his way is interesting, each has his own hopes and secret fears; each has letters to answer when he gets back, and hopes mail will be waiting; each is an American, has views more or less clear about what he is fighting for; each is an image of God. Each has his own variety of hat. Maybe there is something peculiar about the shape of the American head. Explain it as you will, the Army provides at least a dozen varieties of hats, but, not satisfied, the gunners blossom out with fashions of their own. Some affect gay-colored jockey caps; and several wear derbys.

I have often thought the hats have something to do with a form of superstition; and like all sportsmen, the gunners, playing for the highest stakes a man can put up, are prone to superstition. I heard of one crew which adopted a boy from a near-by town, and thought his presence at the air field brought them luck. I have often wondered just how they managed it, and have often thought how trying it was for the boy. The story, like many such, is probably apocryphal. Superstition and the temptation to be superstitious is ever present. One (unfortunately) gets away from scholarship and the world of precise definition in the rough-and-tumble world in which we live, or perhaps we simply offer poor excuses for mental sloth. Anyhow, in that happier world of theology, they used to tell us superstition was attributing to some cause an effect greater than that cause could produce.

A rabbit's foot is obviously not a suf-

ficient cause for keeping enemy fighters at a distance. But somehow or other, in observing the various manifestations of superstition, I have often thought it is some questing of the human spirit for support from outside and beyond itself. It seems an effort to transfer responsibility for success or failure, which again is a kind of confession of inadequacy, and, in some faulty, faltering way, even perhaps the beginning of humility. I have often thought a similar thing in regard to fatalism. No man is a fatalist in act. "If it's gonna hitcha, it's gonna hitcha" is just a repetition of a fact. The big question is: is it going to hit me? To Catholic boys, I explain that our doctrine of divine providence has all the consolation of fatalism, none of the folly.

The most intense moment in the entire briefing was when the map curtain was rolled up to reveal route and target. A thread was extended on the map from this station to the target. It was the thread of destiny. As soon as they saw it the men could tell whether the mission would be easy or tough.

After the briefing, the Catholic gunners came to a room across the way, to receive Holy Viaticum. They knelt in a huge circle, sometimes as many as 60 of them, said together the Confiteor, received Viaticum, then recited the prayer before the crucifix and the prayer to St. Theresa, patroness of flyers. There was a time when I gave general absolution, and I am not persuaded that such is not the best procedure. It was obviously quite impossible to hear the confessions of all before they went

into combat. Ultimately, whether or not to give general absolution is a question which each chaplain must settle for himself. No two bomber stations are identical, and even on the same station conditions vary with personnel and building changes. Much had to be improvised, for the Army does not have retreat-house accommodations.

Occasionally one found officers, lacking in the proper broad-mindedness, who sought to impose their own views upon others. During one of our training programs we had a commanding officer who had strong convictions on personal liberties. The training was rigorous, relentless, running through a seven-day week; however, the men were given time off from drill to attend church.

One day an officer complained to me, "Father, a lot of these soldiers, in my opinion, are going to services just to escape drill." The Colonel overheard, and delivered a classic lecture. He said, "The Army is not concerned with probing into a man's innermost motives for doing something he has a right to do; and I do not want any of my officers practicing psychiatry and interpreting the religious sincerity of any man. If a man says he wants to go to church, he is only claiming a right that his country and the Army respect; and remember, your only responsibility is to see that he goes to church when he says he is going. After all, who can isolate any man's motives? These men of yours, why did they come into the Army? Because they hate tyranny? Or because their friends

were in and they were lonesome? Because they were drafted? Because they thought they would look good in uniform? The Army doesn't ask why, but the Army insists, now they are in uniform, that they be the best soldiers they are capable of being. The officers of my command, therefore, will not ask why a man goes to church, or how well he worships God. If a man says he wants to go to church, and actually goes, his responsibility then is to God, and no officer will dare imply he is using his religion as a means of escape." The speech was accompanied with a good bit of desk-thumping and a few mild oaths, but it did clarify the atmosphere.

When new combat crews come onto the field in any part of the world, they receive orientation lectures. The chaplain takes part in such lectures, and is allowed to say anything he may think helpful. I outline the religious services, and insist that any man who is ashamed of his religious convictions is in the same class as a man ashamed of his own parents. I also endeavor to help any men for whom combat may be a special means of grace. Some flyers will shy away from religion under the plea that since they didn't go to church previous to entering combat, they don't

feel that they should go now. Perhaps it helps to show them religion is not a matter of pious froth we are free to take or let alone, but is based upon truth we are bound to accept. What difference does it make what clarifies our vision, as long as we see clearly?

When planes return from combat, we chaplains go down to the line to sweat them in. Battle casualties are quickly cared for. If a chaplain does not recognize the wounded man he must search for his dog tag or for rosaries or medals to determine his religious belief, although they are not always a test of Catholicity. When the chips are down the human spirit seems to be naturally sacramental, and many non-Catholics wear Catholic medals. I have frequently discovered men with C on their dog tags who explained that while they did not practice any religion their preference was for ours.

The mission tour in England consisted of 35 combat missions, after which the flyer was generally returned to the U. S. for a well-merited rest. When the Catholics finished on this station they pinned their silver wings up on the blue drape at the shrine of St. Theresa. No girl in the ETO could ever dream of having so many wings.

In the past year it has been Russia's political intentions that have become the vast uncertainty of the modern world. Bit by bit the Kremlin has frittered away Russia's enormous store of good will in this country. Failure to liberalize the management of Poland, disappearance and trial of the 16 Poles, the shutting down of eastern Europe, are discouraging steps. Nor has Russian propaganda improved the situation by charging the U. S. and Britain with soft treatment of Germany just when reports came from Berlin that Russian and German troops were playing football.

Fortune (July '45).

Swiss Guards

By SGT. HARRY SIONS

Condensed from *Yank**

A rifleman from the 88th Division walked up to a Swiss Guard at one of the Vatican gates, looked critically at the sentry's '98 German Mauser with its long fine bayonet, and asked him, "When was the last time you fired that piece?"

The guard grinned, "I have never fired it."

The GI shook his head and remarked, "That's a peculiar outfit you're in, brother."

The papal Swiss Guards are not, however, as "peculiar" an outfit as many American soldiers think. Once you accept the fact that they are picked soldiers entrusted with the unique task of guarding the life and property of the reigning Pope, and that they have a military tradition dating back more than 400 years, you find the life of a Swiss Guard in many ways similar to peacetime garrison routine of Regular Army troops in the States.

Each guard is a volunteer who signs up for an initial two-year hitch. He must be between 19 and 25 when his application is made; must be Catholic; and have completed his basic training in the Swiss Army. He must be at least 5 feet 8 inches tall, and must pass a strict physical examination; he also gets a careful character screening before he is accepted.

No enlisted man of the Guards may have a wife. If he decides to marry, he must resign after two months' notice. Many guards, however, do have girl friends back in Switzerland, whom they plan to marry after the war is over or after their hitch expires. A few have fiancées in Rome, but you get the impression that most of the papal soldiers definitely prefer their hometown girl. Officers may marry, but because of the war only the commanding officer, Baron de Pfyster, is fortunate enough to have his wife in Rome.

The Guards are the Pope's personal bodyguard, and you see them, dressed in their blue exercise uniforms, standing sentry at the four gates leading into Vatican City; or wearing their more picturesque red, blue and yellow striped outfits, standing guard night and day in the ancient setting of the Sala Clementina, the historic old antechamber leading into the Pope's living quarters. Those colorful costumes are sometimes said to have been designed by Michelangelo, though no one can prove it.

On the days the Pope is carried on his throne chair, or *sedes gestatoria*, for state occasions, he is escorted by six guards wearing breast plates and plumed helmets and carrying great ripple-bladed Swiss swords. When the

*The Army Weekly (Mediterranean edition), 205 E. 42nd St., New York City, 17.

April 13, 1945.

Pope goes to his summer palace at Castel Gandolfo in the Alban hills a contingent of 20 Swiss Guards precedes him.

The Guards are pledged to sacrifice their lives in defense of the Pope, and in the 16th century during the sack of Rome by Spaniards more than three-fourths died to save Pope Clement VII.

Like GIs, the Swiss Guards have their beefs. They complain, for example, that their uniforms, although picturesque, are plenty hot in summer; they wish they had a uniform like our suntans for hot weather. They will tell you also that their chow is not nearly as good as before the war; some of their favorite foods, like the imported Swiss cheeses, are unobtainable.

One of the days when I stopped by their mess kitchen the cook was preparing a lunch of Vienna sausage and thick pea soup. The Guards get Vienna sausage often, and don't like it. Because of the black market, it is difficult to get fresh meat except at sky-high prices, and sometimes two or three weeks will pass before fresh meat or chicken is served. Sometimes the cook will trade some ordinary Italian cheese for meat at a Rome butcher shop.

The Guards get the same bread and *pasta* rations as citizens of Rome or Vatican City, and they get a lot of beans; they itch about that too, because they prefer potatoes. Nevertheless, they are husky and healthy-looking, and at mess remind you of the Minnesota football team at training table.

One of the best things about the Swiss Guards is that they have no

"repple depple." All their replacements must come from Switzerland, but because of the war none have been able to come during the last two years. As a result the Guards today have a strength of only 98 officers and enlisted men, instead of a normal strength of 133: 74 halberdiers (privates who get their title from the medieval battleaxes that they carry), 10 corporals, four sergeants, and one sergeant-major. Col. Baron de Pfyffer, the Guards' CO, is the 10th of his family to hold his post; there is also a chaplain with the grade of captain, and four lieutenants.

In the Vatican Army the Guards, although only a company in size, have the status a regiment would have in other armies. A Guards halberdier, therefore, has a rank equivalent to sergeant in other armies, and so on up the line.

The rating status of the Guards is one of the most frozen in the world. The number of ratings is fixed, and all promotions come through seniority. If a halberdier wishes to become a corporal he must sweat it out until the fellow next in line moves up a notch. Some have been buck privates fifteen years. Others are luckier—Luigi Sommerhalder, for example, is a sergeant. He enlisted 16 years ago, when Pope Pius XI was on the papal throne. Sommerhalder made corporal in his tenth year of service, and four years later was promoted to sergeant. If he should decide to remain after the war the chances are he will be sweating out the sergeant-major rank for many years. It is more likely, however, that Sommer-

halder, like many other guards, will return home after the war and settle down.

The sergeant comes from Ohmstal, a tiny village in Lucerne canton. He also has a fiancée, to whom he became engaged on his last three-month furlough in Switzerland in 1942. He is close to 40 now and figures it is about time he raised a family.

Every man in the Guards has his assignment for each day, whether it is standing guard at the bronze door before the Vatican Palace, or outside St. Peter's or getting ready for parade or special duty in the Vatican Palace. Some are assigned to extra jobs, like unit librarian or armorer at the arsenal.

There is very little "chicken" in the Swiss Guards. Most of the men come from the same neighborhoods and some have grown up together or have been classmates in schools. There is, however, strong discipline and respect for superior officers. A private salutes a non-com and of course all enlisted guards salute officers, and stand at attention while addressed by officers.

At roll call in the morning each man stiffens to attention as his name is called, then stands "at ease." There is no formal inspection. As one sergeant explained, "Each man is usually perfect before he falls out, so why waste time inspecting him?"

Guards have no stockade nor jail, and serious infringements of discipline are rare. They have no court-martial board; all cases are handled directly by the Colonel. If a guard, for example, shows up late for sentry duty, or is

found on duty with a tunic button undone, he may get extra duty (called *corve*), which may be anything from cleaning his dayroom to getting firewood for the kitchen or another variation of KP; or he may be confined to barracks on his next day off. In serious cases the offender will probably be dismissed from the service.

Compared to the GI in Italy who sweats out a three-day pass every six months, the Guards have a lot of time off. The halberdiers (and corporals) are on duty two days in a row, get the third day off. A sergeant is on duty every third day and is off two days straight, except on special occasions.

You can find a guard, on his time off, reading in the library or playing cards in his dayroom with a couple of buddies. The library has about 1,600 books, of which 1,200 are German, since most of the men come from the German-speaking parts of Switzerland. The other books are by French and Italian authors. There are no books written in English to be found there, although many of the guards speak excellent English. The librarian is Bernhard Remy, a halberdier for the last 13 years. According to Remy, the most popular author in his library is a Swiss priest, F. C. Achermann, who writes historical romances. Whenever a guard goes into Rome on his day off he wears civvies.

Some of the men complain about their pay; they say it has been considerably decreased by the present inflation of the lire. A halberdier gets a basic pay of \$40 a month, plus a

"fogey" pay. For example, if a guard has been in service five years, he gets an extra \$1.40 a month. Out of his pay, he must shell out \$15 a month for food. If he wishes wine at his meals he must pay extra, and the extras cut heavily into his pay. A corporal gets a basic pay of \$51, a sergeant \$57. When I told Baron de Pfyffer what a master sergeant in the American Army gets overseas, he laughed and said, "Your sergeant makes more money than I do."

After 10 years' service, the guard gets a pension if he resigns. Pensions range from one-third pay for 10 years of service to full pay as pension after 20 years.

In barracks, each man has his own room, and may furnish it to suit himself. There are no regulations against hanging pictures, maps, flags or religious objects on the walls. Many of the Guards have photos of their sweethearts or mothers, but I saw no pinups.

Seabees are notorious souvenir hunters. In their spare time, many are in the business of "making" souvenirs which they sell to gullible Marines or Army lads, or even other Seabees.

One day I had given my cincture, a very elaborate one at that, gift of the Chaplains' Aid, to a Seabee to wash. That evening as he was on his way to my quarters, another Seabee espied the ornamental cord with the fluffy tassels. "Hey, mate," he called, "what's that?"

"Oh," said the other, holding up the cord of admiration, "this is a hara-kiri rope."

"A what?" exclaimed the Seabee as he advanced, his eyes sparkling.

"Yep," the first Seabee observed very nonchalantly, "a hara-kiri rope. You see," he explained, "a Jap carries a little sword so he can kill himself. Then, if he loses his sword, he hangs himself with one of these ropes."

"Boy," purred the credulous one, "ain't that a beaut! Give you \$100 for it."

Of course he didn't get it! F. P. Donahoe in the *Chaplain's Digest* (May '45).

The men keep all their standard weapons, such as pistols, rifles, and side swords in their rooms, though the formal hardware, like halberds, spears, two-handled swords, breastplates and helmets, and 9-mm. machine pistols, is stored in the armory.

Because Vatican State is neutral, the men are careful not to take sides openly. They will tell you, however, that they find the American GIs much friendlier than the German soldiers were. They tell you also that comparatively few Germans—15 at most—attended papal audiences. During the last few months of enemy occupation the German soldiers were forbidden to enter St. Peter's, but the guards are careful to point out that the Jerries gave them no trouble.

"We just said to them, 'No admission, please,'" one explained, "and the German soldiers said '*dankeschön*' and left."



Making the Constitution

By ALLEN NEVINS and HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

America's sunrise

By common agreement the U. S. has one of the most ingenious and effective constitutions ever prepared, one which, unlike Britain's, is written, but which has expanded flexibly with the nation. It took its original shape in one of the most remarkable conventions of modern times.

It was probably very fortunate that the Articles of Confederation, adopted near the close of the Revolution, were so clearly defective. Had they offered a better framework of government, efforts might have been made to patch them up. Because they broke down almost completely, the new Constitution was made exceptionally strong. It was fortunate also that American affairs reached so desperate a pitch by 1786, when a serious commercial depression reigned. Only a crisis could lead many suspicious Americans to accept the powerful new central government.

In 1786 the outlook seemed black. Not only was the country without any vigorous national machinery of government; the 13 states had become so disorderly that men spoke of war between them. There were quarrels over boundary lines—in Pennsylvania and Vermont even broken heads; courts handing down conflicting decisions; a national government with no tariff or commerce powers, lacking authority to

Condensed chapter of a book*

levy taxes for national purposes, lacking sole control of foreign relations, lacking exclusive control over Indian relations.

When internal disorders threatened the security of property, the sober middle classes grew alarmed. The depression, heaviest in 1785 and 1786, produced intense hardship wherever people lived close to the subsistence level. All along the frontiers money was scarce, markets were prostrated, and crops rotted on the ground. People resorted to barter. Debtor groups demanded that the state governments manufacture paper money and declare a moratorium on debt collection.

Seven state legislatures were carried by paper-money forces in 1786. In Rhode Island a man could satisfy his obligations with practically worthless currency.

Since rag money was a full tender for debts owed in other states, Connecticut and Massachusetts indignantly retaliated. The paper-money advocates failed, however, to carry Massachusetts and New Hampshire; and armed disturbances broke out. The Massachusetts constitution had erected special defenses for property in suffrage qualifications and office-holding qualifications and a conservative legislature had levied heavy taxes to pay the Revolu-

*The Pocket History of the United States. Copyright 1942 by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 6, Mass. Published by Pocket Books, Inc., New York City, 1944. 25¢.

tionary debt, largely held by speculators. It is not strange that an agrarian revolt occurred. Adjournment of the legislature in July, 1786, signaled an uprising, led by a veteran of Bunker Hill, Daniel Shays.

The state acted energetically, and it was easy to stop Shays' march and scatter his forces. But the brief struggle profoundly alarmed conservatives. General Knox wrote to Washington that New England had thousands of men who held "that the property of the U. S. has been protected from the confiscations of Britain by the joint exertions of all and therefore ought to be the common property of all." They shocked "every man of principle and property in New England." Washington wrote in evident consternation: "There are combustibles in every state which a spark might set a fire in." That was the general view. The logical inference was that a stronger national government was needed to deal with disorder.

The quarrels of the state governments had already produced severe distress. Merchants were in desperation over lack of a uniform currency. Nothing less than a standard national currency would suffice. Exporters bemoaned lack of protection in marketing goods abroad. The feeble Continental Congress had found it impossible to re-establish commercial relations with the British Empire. Spain defiantly closed the mouth of the Mississippi to commerce. Even at home no traders could be sure of collecting money due. A New Yorker who sued in Pennsyl-

vania was at the mercy of Pennsylvania courts, which naturally stood by fellow citizens. American manufacturers were at the mercy of price-slashing competition from Europe.

But worse evils arose from impediments to intercourse between the states. A number of states, to prevent dumping of European goods and to gain revenues, laid tariffs on imports. By 1785 New England and most middle states with promising home industries therefore set up protective tariffs.

Interstate retaliation quickly crept in. Southern states and small northern states with few manufactures needed imported goods. Delaware and New Jersey created free ports for European wares, while Connecticut also encouraged direct shipment of European goods. Restrictions were laid on vessels, so that New Jersey men could not cross the Hudson to sell vegetables in New York without paying heavy fees. Feeling grew savage. North Carolinians, denouncing Virginia and South Carolina, compared their state to a cask broached at both ends. Oliver Ellsworth said that his little Connecticut was like "Issachar of old, a strong ass crouching down between two burdens."

Other creditor groups deplored the want of effective restraints upon the "leveling" tendencies of radical legislatures. Thus moneylenders and mortgagees were distressed by state "stay" laws and the wholesale issues of rag money. Landholders wanted a national government strong enough to protect the frontier, to ensure order in newly

settled regions, and to protect titles.

Finally, holders of federal and state securities viewed with anguish the chaotic financial conditions and popular aversion to taxes. By 1789 arrears of interest on the foreign and domestic debt had mounted to \$13 million, while internal revenues were less than \$400,000, annually. The government could not rely forever on foreign loans.

In most ways the Confederation was a disappointment. Congress now had too few able members, and its prestige was too low, to enable it to devise a better form of government.

The preliminaries of the Convention are a familiar story. A special commercial problem was demanding attention. Maryland held sovereignty over the entire Potomac river to the southern bank. Virginians feared that Maryland would interfere with free navigation; and in 1785 their representatives met at Mt. Vernon with George Washington. Madison, who was there, believed that a larger conference should be held to vest regulation of commerce in Congress. This body met at Annapolis in 1786; when delegates from only five states appeared, it seemed a failure.

Fortunately, one delegate was the audacious Alexander Hamilton. He induced the gathering to call upon the states to appoint commissioners to a meeting in Philadelphia the following May to consider the situation and "devise such further provisions as shall seem necessary to render the Constitution of the federal government adequate to the exigencies of the Union." The Continental Congress was at first

indignant over this bold step, but with the news that Virginia had elected Washington a delegate, Congress fell into line, fixing the second Monday in May, 1787, as the meeting date. During fall and winter all the states but contumacious little Rhode Island elected delegates.

They were chosen by state legislatures. Some legislatures were controlled by radical agrarian groups, and all of them defended state sovereignty. Yet most states instructed delegates to create a strong national government, and sent a body of men overwhelmingly conservative and nationalist. Men hardly comprehended the idea of our modern parties, and commercial regulations suggested that commercial experts should be chosen. Virginia's selection of George Washington put other states on their mettle to choose strong and sober men.

Early May found the delegates straggling into Philadelphia. Washington, characteristically punctual, arriving on the 13th, in black velvet, and wearing a ceremonial sword, became immediately a cynosure of attention. Benjamin Franklin on the 16th gave a long-remembered dinner for the delegates, broaching a cask of porter a friend had sent and doubtless opening plenty of old Madeira. His guests included James Madison of Virginia, diminutive in stature but a giant in powers of political analysis. A graduate of Princeton, and a lawyer-planter who spent much time in his fine library, he was next to Franklin the most learned member of the Convention. He was to prove him-

self the most industrious and constructive-minded. Another guest was the 65-year-old George Wythe, who had taught Jefferson, Madison, John Marshall, and other luminaries of the Virginia bar. Still another was the governor of Virginia, Edmund Randolph, the owner of some 7,000 acres and 200 slaves. It would have been difficult to assemble at a dinner anywhere in the world in 1787 more talent and character; certainly no Old World group could have boasted more impressive figures.

It is noteworthy that some who had been most active in bringing on and fighting the Revolution were not delegates. Jefferson was in France; Patrick Henry had refused election; three firebrands, Tom Paine, Sam Adams, and Christopher Gadsden, had not been chosen. Radicals, in short, were not adequately represented.

The Convention was that rare creation, a truly deliberative body. The fact that each state could send as many delegates as it liked—for every state voted as a unit—made this remarkable. But most states sent small delegations. Only 55 in all attended; some for a short time. A few, including Washington, were habitually silent. About half were college graduates; a heavy majority were lawyers, so that they expressed themselves concisely and well. No verbatim report of debates was kept, and the versions in the journals of Madison and others doubtless eliminate much verbosity; but one reading the summaries is impressed by the logical cogency of most utterances. They

were aided by a rule of secrecy, which the Convention strictly kept. Publicity would have magnified dissensions, or tempted members to speak for the galleries or press; and it would have laid them open to pressure.

At the outset the delegates tacitly agreed that they would write a wholly new Constitution. In this they exceeded their powers.

In describing their work, it is important to lay emphasis upon a few general considerations. The delegates realized that no simple government would suffice. They had to reconcile, with scrupulous nicety, the power of local control already being exercised by the 13 semi-independent states and the power of the newly created central government. Only the British Empire afforded precedent. As it existed prior to 1763, there was a federal system: a division of powers between central and local authorities; but federations created up to that time had without exception been small in area, almost without exception exceedingly loose, and seldom successful for long.

James Madison and a few others had made an intensive study of the governments of the Greek, Helvetic, and Dutch Confederations in particular, while most delegates were well-read in political thought. Functions and powers of the national government had to be carefully defined while other functions and powers should be understood as belonging to the states. The powers of the national sovereignty, being new, general, and inclusive, simply *had* to be stated.

Hand in hand with this went the construction of the national machinery. It was understood that three distinct branches of government should be set up, each equal and coordinate: the legislative, executive, and judicial powers, so adjusted and interlocked as to permit of harmonious operation, but at the same time so well balanced that no one interest could gain control.

This 18th-century idea of the balancing of powers was a Newtonian conception of politics. The principle, naturally derived from colonial experience, was strengthened by writings of Locke and Montesquieu, with which most of the delegates were familiar. An American defined a tyrannical government as one in which a single element dominated. It was natural that the legislative branch, like colonial legislatures and British Parliament, should consist of two houses. Advocates of a plural executive were silenced by an appeal to the example of colonies and states.

A legislature of two branches helped adjust the fundamental quarrel over powers of small and large states. By the compromise all states were given equal representation in the Senate, but in the House of Representatives, seats were to be based upon population. As to the executive, the greatest difficulty lay in the mode of election. Should the President be chosen by Congress he might be dependent on the legislative branch; an upset in the balance of power. Should he be chosen by popular vote? The people were scattered over an immense area and communica-

tions were poor. It was finally decided to set up an electoral college, each state having as many electors as senators and representatives, the authors failing to foresee party development. As for the third branch, judges were to be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, for life terms during good behavior.

The ingenuity as well as the wisdom of the authors challenges admiration. They set up the most complex government yet devised by man, and also the most nicely poised and guarded. Each branch was independent and co-ordinate, and yet each was checked by the others. Congressional enactments did not become law until approved by the President; the President in turn had to submit many of his appointments and all of his treaties to the Senate, and might be impeached and removed by Congress. The judiciary was to hear all cases arising under the laws and Constitution, and, therefore, had a right to interpret both the fundamental and statute law. But the judiciary were appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, and might be impeached by Congress. Since senators were elected by the state legislatures, since the President was chosen by an electoral college, and since the judges were appointed, no part of the government was exposed to direct public pressure except the lower house of Congress. Moreover, officers of government were chosen for such a wide variety of terms that a complete change in personnel could not be effected except by revolution.

The Convention made certain that the federal government would be strong enough to maintain order and protect property. It was freely and fully given power to lay taxes, thus ensuring the means to pay the debt so long overdue, restore credit, and raise money for the general welfare. It could borrow money, and lay uniform duties, imposts, and excises, and pass uniform bankruptcy laws. It was given the authority to coin money, fix weights and measures, grant patents and copyrights, and establish post offices and post roads. It was empowered to raise and maintain an army and navy. It could regulate interstate commerce. It was given the whole management of Indian relations, of international relations, and of war.

If "domestic violence" broke out in any state, and the legislature or governor asked for help, it might restore order. It could pass laws for naturalizing foreigners. Controlling the public lands, it could admit new states on a basis of absolute equality with the old. It was to have its own capital. In short, the national government was strong from the beginning, and was to be made still stronger by interpretations which the Supreme Court gave the Constitution. This strength was a natural reaction from the weakness of the Confederation.

Yet the states remained strong. Powers of local government were retained, and they regulated most of the daily concerns of the people. Schools, local courts, policing, chartering of towns and cities, incorporation of banks and

stock companies, the care of bridges, roads, and canals—these and many other matters were in state hands. The states were to decide who should vote, and how. They were to be mainly responsible for the protection of civil liberties.

Finally, the Convention faced the most important problem of all: how should the powers be enforced? The old Confederation had possessed large powers on paper. But the states paid no attention to them. What was to save the new government from the same obstacles? Virginia proposed that Congress should be given power to "call forth the force of the Union against any member failing to fulfill its duty under the articles thereof." This was wrong in theory, for force is an instrument of international law. It would have been fatal in practice, for it would have meant civil war.

As the discussion went on, a perfect expedient was evolved. The government should not act upon the states at all, but directly upon the people within them. It was to legislate for and upon all the residents of the country, ignoring the state governments. The Convention adopted as the kingpin of the Constitution the following brief article:

"This Constitution, and the Laws of the United States which shall be made in Pursuance thereof; and all Treaties made, or which shall be made, under the Authority of the United States, shall be the supreme Law of the Land; and the Judges in every State shall be bound thereby, any Thing in the Con-

stitution or laws of any State to the Contrary notwithstanding."

Under it, the laws of the U. S. became enforceable in its own national courts, through its own judges and marshals. They were also enforceable in state courts, through state judges and law officers. This provision breathed a vitality into the Constitution which it might never otherwise have gained, and offers perhaps the best single illustration of that combination of common sense and inspiration, practical ingenuity and farsighted vision, which marked the entire instrument.

On Monday, Sept. 17, after one of the best summer's work yet done by any deliberative assemblage in the world, the Convention held its last meeting.

Only three delegates present refused to sign, and most were delighted. The aged Franklin declared that, though he did not approve all parts of the Constitution, he was astonished to find it so

nearly perfect. He begged any men who did not like some of its features to doubt their own infallibility a little and accept the document. The dashing young Alexander Hamilton made a somewhat similar plea. Delegates representing 12 states came forward to sign. Many seemed oppressed by the solemnity of the moment, and Washington sat in grave meditation.

Franklin relieved the tension by a characteristic sally. Pointing to the half sun painted in brilliant gold on the back of Washington's chair, he remarked that artists had always found it difficult to distinguish between a rising and a setting sun. "I have often and often, in the course of the session, and the vicissitudes of my hopes and fears as to its issue, looked at that behind the President, without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting; but now, at length, I have the happiness to know that it is a rising, and not a setting, sun."



Ardent Prayer

The crew of the B-29 *T-N-Teeny* laugh now about a terrifying journey home from a strike at Nagoya, but it was no laughing matter then. While over the target, the plane took a direct flak hit in its No. 4 engine, and smoke streamed from the dead nacelle. Flying at ditching altitude, the crew began dumping equipment, preparing for the perilous crash. The engine stopped smoking—they would try to make it in.

Later, they were kidding Lt. Varge L. Frick of San Antonio, Texas, about his experience during that long, suspense-filled ride. Frick, the bombardier, recited his Rosary all the way in to the landing at Iwo Jima.

"And my beads got so hot," he said, "I had to drop them in my canteen to cool them off!"

"And the water gave off steam," amended 2nd Lt. Leonard W. Carpi, pilot, of Puente, Calif.

Robbin Coons in an AP dispatch from Tinian (16 June '45).

The Caribs Play

By M. M. GANEY, S.J.

Condensed from the *Trumpet**

In Punta Gorda, population 760, a remote fishing town on the Gulf of Honduras, I conduct a mission. My parishioners are Caribs, an intelligent and ambitious people of mixed Negro and Indian bloods. We have a co-op, a credit union, and now a drama group.

We live in a truly primitive country, but our drama group recently performed the Coventry play, from the Sheed and Ward collection of medieval and Tudor plays edited by Professors Wells and Loomis of Columbia university.

The Coventry play is exactly the kind of play the Caribs could enter into. They came closer to entering into the spirit of it than any other group that ever enacted it, except the original players, I think. *Our Town* or *Arsenic and Old Lace* would have been lost on them. *Green Pastures*, written to amuse white Americans with a picture of what they thought colored Americans thought about God, would not amuse these people.

Here we are Catholic and quite medieval. The lovely phrases about "God's holy will being done" come quite naturally to lips here. My black Caribs love the liturgy, sing the high Mass without a printed copy — and die on their mud floors with arms outstretched, answering their prayers in Latin. They think of heaven as being with God, not as a fish fry.

They knew the score

We tried *Everyman* first. It was an astounding success. Then last year I received *Medieval and Tudor Plays*. We began in December and ended with a complete cast of 135, including a medieval chorus, that played to a crowded house for three hours on Palm Sunday.

The fishermen practiced their parts out at sea; I could hear members of the chorus as they walked by the house at 4:30 in the morning. Mahogany workers learned a few lines between trees felled. John Box Norales was Herod. No one had ever expected John to come out as an actor, but he embraced the opportunity, and would paddle six hours up the coast from his plantation to be present at rehearsals. On the night of the play he had to leave his wife and newborn baby to don the ermine, swagger through the audience, bully the three kings, and finally be dragged into a hell filled with smoke, well-greased devils, and red fire.

God created a stalwart young Adam and Eve in impressive silence. A blind man with a fine voice played the part of God. He was very dignified, with face veiled, flowing garment, and halo. This particular man had been away from Church for 20 years, had read a bit, and talked in a freethinking way. But on the eve of the play he came

*Sheed & Ward, 63 5th Ave., New York City, 3. March, 1945.

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tapping up to the presbytery to tell me that he considered it only right that each member of the cast of this great play should make his peace with God. This he did completely and in a humble, edifying manner.

We printed a program and this was the heading:

"This is a Medieval play. The manuscript is dated 1486 A.D. It was played in the towns of England: Norwich, Lincoln, York, in the midlands at Coventry, at Winchester, at Canterbury, and in London. The players in those days were the local guardsmen, clerks, builders, bakers, agriculturists, and schoolchildren. Nearly five centuries have passed. Tonight the local craftsmen at Punta Gorda, planters of cassava and yam, sailors of the Caribbean, tailors, clerks from the government offices, fishers of barracuda and snapper, basketmakers, sailmakers, and schoolchildren produce again the great play of their Catholic brethren who lived, worked, played, and prayed the same, 500 years ago in Merrie England. May they, our brethren, rest in peace and assist us in our humble efforts this night to please our Father, with Whom, we pray, they enjoy eternal bliss."

Eighteen fishermen walked with the greatest of dignity in the procession of the prophets. The medieval chorus of forty aides from the plantations chanted something after each prophecy. I thought in reading that this scene might be monotonous. Far from it. It grew increasingly powerful each practice night. To teach Francisco Lambe

and the other prophets their eight lines each was some effort. Years of wind and sea and weather had given a prophetic cast to features which needed no makeup, but the years had not made them more proficient at oratory. But they learned splendidly.

Carib women carry burdens on their head. Their walk is regal. In the scene of the incarnation they passed to and fro before the Blessed Trinity and 80 angels with 160 wings; and taking the parts of the Virtues, discussed the fate of poor mankind on the other side of the lights. It was a powerful scene; in fact, terrific. I wonder if Ignatius witnessed the production before he inserted that meditation into the *Spiritual Exercises*.

We omitted the Cherry Tree, but the shepherds drew the laugh at the correct place, and I wondered how many centuries it had been since a spontaneous laugh was given those same shepherds. We buried Lazarus, and after the stone had been rolled into place the women sat in a row as they do in their homes here, and sang a native mourning song. We performed the preparation for the burial in our native way (it might cost \$3 here to die) and I think it was quite close to the way Lazarus himself was put away.

Some time later our Father Superior, from Belize, met John Box on a coastal boat.

"Did you hear about our wonderful play in Punta Gorda?" asked John Box.

"Yes, I did, but why do you people all say it was so wonderful?"

"Oh, it did something inside you, Father."

"But what?"

"Oh, something, we couldn't say what."

"Surely, if it did something, you could say what it did."

"Well, Father, it made you truly sorry for your sins to look at it, Father; it really did."

And I presume that was why it was written.

An English lady in the government education department, happened to be down from Belize and saw the play. She wrote a letter of congratulation. She felt that she should give some constructive criticism and I felt that what she said was quite true, so I reported it to the elderly ladies of the medieval chorus at the next meeting of their burial society. "Mrs. B. congratulates all of you," I said. "She did think, though, that the people no doubt needed a bit of explanation about the prophets, since the people probably did not understand why they were prophesying in that part of the play."

Mrs. Avilez, the society prefect, rose quietly and said, "Our people all understand that part of the play, Father." Then she sat down.

I insisted, "But perhaps there were

some who did not understand the entire significance of it."

Mrs. Avilez rose again. "It was Mrs. B. who did not understand the prophets, Father. You see, she is a Protestant. All our people are Catholic and we understand perfectly." She sat down. This was not said in a tone of reprehension, but rather as mere statement of fact. I was silenced. I felt very plainly that I was a modern American Catholic talking to a group of medieval Catholics.

I should really like to see God create Adam and Eve on the Roxy stage in New York, and see what a good effect men could contrive with those prophets there, and the wonderful hell. I imagine it would be good for the New York soul, and perhaps make New Yorkers sorry for their sins. I am quite sure, though, that we had something closer to the original than the New York stage could achieve with the finest lighting and color effects.

We intend to resume our drama season this year. All the actors in the plantations are most anxious to embrace the opportunity to do their utmost. Our black Caribs, far from the marts of civilization, have revived the authentic spirit of the theater of the Middle Ages.



A statistician accompanied his wife and children on a Saturday-afternoon shopping expedition. Later he handed his wife this: Dried tears, 11 times; tied shoes, 13 times; toy balloons bought, 3 per child; balloon's average life, 12 seconds; told children not to cross street, 21 times; children crossed street, 21 times; number of Saturdays I will do this again, 0.

Brigid de Vine in the *Universe*, quoted in *Mother of Perpetual Help* (June '45).

Standard of Living

By T. S. GREGORY

Condensed from the *Sword of the Spirit**

"No God any more: but only 40-odd infallible foreign offices." So wrote Aldous Huxley in his last book. These are obvious alternatives. We are busy choosing the latter, not in foreign affairs only, but in every scrap and corner of human life that our discontented ingenuity can officialize, schedule, inspect, and meddle with.

The myth of infallible administration has become a dogma. But it would be a mistake to blame bad communists, or worse capitalists, or any human group whose catchwords and programs are only gestures of blind men leading blind men. The real villain is the mysterious something or other oddly called a "standard of living," a standard which does not stand. "Justice," so begins the most famous lawbook in the world, "is the constant and perpetual purpose (*voluntas*) to give every man his right." But how can there be any such constancy or right, when we do not know what a man is?

Freedom requires standards which stand. Men who can never know their way about, nor where they are, who can never take anything for granted, who cannot be sure of tomorrow nor of their own minds, whose needs and resources, rights and wrongs are everlastingly changing, are naturally slaves.

It is uncertainty that marks a man as unfree — the religious toleration, for

instance, which confronts him with half a dozen different gods and says that they are all equally useful, or the mechanized industry which changes his economic needs every generation, or the government of which the whole world is weary which turns out a new type of citizenship every decade. During the last scientific century very little of Europe has known any justice. Most of the Continent has existed under a series of brittle regimes founded on impulses and paradoxes so shortlived that three generations have outwatched them. Everyone's grandfather saw at least one revolution. Even England, which had the good fortune to learn the lessons of her insular security before the Industrial Revolution began, has been drawn into the vortex.

Now, by the insane irony of our skepticism, we have begun to talk seriously of world peace, economic security, four freedoms, when even the most elementary assumptions of human living have been dissolved. "No God any more, but only infallible foreign offices" who cannot make up their minds about Poland because they cannot make up their minds about man.

Sine Me nihil potestis facere. Perhaps we needed two milleniums to learn the scope and force of those terrible and merciful words: Without Me, nothing. They explain European his-

*63 Gloucester Place, London, W. 1, England. May, 1945.

tory, and will probably explain the future history of the world. But meanwhile, Catholics who are not required to settle human destinies at San Francisco, might profitably stare at that other conference, in which they share, in which all the wisdom was spoken that ever really mattered to the human race.

In an earlier barbarian invasion in which the old civilization crumbled as much from its internal decay as from the pressure of Goths and Lombards, the Church knew her answer to the questions of the time. According to Harnack, "from the practical point of view, what was of still greater moment than the campaign against the world and worship of the gods was the campaign against the apotheosis of man." Naturally, since it was man's apotheosis that had been his original fall. "Ye shall be as gods," tempted the serpent. "Without Me you can do nothing," said the Saviour. Every dispute between truth and heresy is a dispute between those two attitudes of mind.

As the Arian freebooters settled to the constructive business of creating a civilization instead of filching a livelihood, they passed from one to the other; they discovered, reluctantly and slowly enough, that "every one therefore that heareth these My words, and doth them, shall be likened to a wise man that built his house upon a rock . . . And every one that heareth these My words, and doth them not, shall be like a foolish man that built his house upon sand . . . and it fell, and great was the fall thereof."

No historian, not even Gibbon, ever supposed that Christianity came into the world with a policy of appeasement or existed in it as an afterthought. There have always been, and still are, zealous apostles who would like to exploit Christianity as a means to some admirable end of their own, and on the other side equally zealous infidels who hate it because it will not submit to the party discipline. But the Christ who spoke to His apostles in the cenacle was not proposing Himself as an *alternative* to Caesar. To them, He was everything, the beginning and the end. He did not propose to reconstruct but to create, for without Him was not anything made that has been made.

The Church did not reconstruct the Roman Empire. It is impressive to compare the Rule of St. Benedict with the fussy and opportunist methods of modern government, and to think of men not always wise who yet confronted the ruin of the world with a liturgy and founded the industry of Europe on the *opus Dei*. In the construction of Europe during those centuries, quite incomparably the most important artificers were bishops and monks, men, that is to say, whose title was derived from no Gothic nor Frankish nor even Italian source. In short, the Church created Europe simply by living Her life in Christ. That was Her apostolate, to *be* the mystical Body of the Lord; and that was why she raised from the dead all that was valid and human in the perished civilization.

The reconstruction of Europe or of the world can be achieved in no other

way, for many reasons, and above all because in no other way can there be a standard of living that really stands. To devise the "machinery for peace" (words of President Truman) is all that San Francisco could attempt. But it is obvious that this side of eternity there is no frame of nature which can withstand either the sin or the enterprise of the human race; no assurance, nor even likelihood of incorruption.

That would be true, even if the only world we had to deal with were the world we could exploit or reform. Redistribution of wealth, reorganization of society, have been the habit of war-makers from the beginning. If San Francisco or Washington, or the British Parliament or the Kremlin were the only institutions, and their sincere prudence the only resources of reconstruction, there is no reason to fancy that they would do better than the Congress of Vienna.

For "modern inventors of laws" (it was true in Plato's day) "only investigate and offer laws of which the want is being felt; and one man has a class of laws about insurance and another about assault; others about ten thousand matters of a similar sort. But we say that the right way of inquiry is to begin with human excellence and to say that this is the lawgiver's aim." And where, outside Christendom, has any conception of human excellence commanded the lawmaker or resisted, even for a decade, the claims of efficiency and quick returns?

Scientific society shifts the standard

of living perpetually. It thinks in terms of "more" and "other," and "quicker, stronger, richer": comparatives which ignore moral and all other human excellence. And not only human excellence but human nature.

Tito's Marxian commissars; the pretty little trick by which Slovene peasants were made to appear pro-German because they were not pro-Tito; the clever cheat which had debauched the government of Finland; the infiltration of the Middle East; the Lublin committee; the operations of the Comintern throughout Europe—those are the methods not only of Russia, but of all human society that prefers efficiency to God. The British have done a good deal of infiltration themselves, and grew rich by forcing their "free" trade and scientific industry on the world; they still hope to solve their economic problem by mechanizing "backward" races. Marx did most of his thinking in London, the rest in Germany.

In answer to the new barbarian invasion, obviously mastering the universities, old and new, there are three words — *sine Me nihil*. Nothing can succeed that is not rooted in Christ. The only political realism left is liturgical living and liturgical thinking, the living and thinking, that is, of creatures aware of their Creator, and deriving their standard of life from the purpose of its Maker "to consummate all things in Christ."

The future lies not with politicians, economists, scientists, sages, ordinary men, nor even saints, but with the mystical Body of Christ.

The Angelus

By REAL LEBEL, S.J.

Condensed from *Messenger Canadien du Sacre-Coeur**

To the Hail Mary, thrice repeated, is joined a description of the great mystery of the Incarnation: this is the Angelus. One of the most simple and most beautiful of prayers, and for centuries a peace prayer, its saying has fallen into disuse, more and more, in the U. S. and Canada. This is saddening, for the love of Christians for the blessed Virgin Mary has devised no lovelier prayer. The ringing of the Angelus bell, an invitation to say the prayer, is not even heard in many cities because of the objections of many non-Catholics to the "noise" of church bells, especially in the morning, when bells disturb late sleepers. And so, the Angelus is being forgotten by many of us. Yet never have we needed it more.

For the Angelus, slowly elaborated down the centuries, has great fullness of meaning. Summing up the mystery of the divine goodness, it recalls to man the grandeur of the supernatural life. Hearing it, a man, close to earth, toiling for his daily bread, his whole life here below something of a warfare, knows he has been redeemed, is reminded of the True Bread of everlasting life, and feels the supporting presence, invisible yet real, of the Queen of the heavenly hosts.

The Angelus consists of three little scenes, the first of which portrays the message of the angel:

The bells of Mary

*Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariae,
Et concepit de Spiritu Sancto.*

*The angel of the Lord declared unto
Mary,
And she conceived by the Holy Ghost.
Hail Mary. . . .*

The second scene reveals Mary's acceptance:

*Ecce ancilla Domini;
Fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum.*

*Behold the handmaid of the Lord.
Be it done unto me according to thy
word.*

Hail Mary. . . .

The last scene pictures the Incarnation:

*Et Verbum caro factum est
Et habitavit in nobis.
And the Word was made Flesh,
And dwelt amongst us.*

Hail Mary. . . .

The Angelus says to man again and again: "Stop your work for the moment; forget your troubles. The Word and the Virgin Mother are giving audience." It recalls to man that God became man to raise man to God; and that the day opens, reaches its midpoint, and closes under the protection of Mary.

At dawn the Angelus bell awakens

*1961, rue Rachel Est, Montreal, Canada. October, 1944. Translated from the French by Mary Golden Donnelly.

city and countryside. The sun rises, birds begin their morning song, flowers exhale their first perfume. But more beautiful than all these is Mary, the Morning Star, inviting men to praise God by uniting themselves to the blessed in heaven.

The morning Angelus recalls the coming of light: the light of Christ, who dispelled the darkness of sin; the light of the Church everywhere penetrating the darkness of idolatry. The morning Angelus tells men once more that they must be the "children of light," that they must shine forth by their faith, their love, and their gratitude.

At noon, the burning hour, the hour of bitter combat, the Angelus makes man renew his intention of living supernaturally. There are many material tasks which turn his eyes away from heaven. Noon is the hour of the created sun, the sun that is at once so beautiful and yet so pale when compared with the real Sun. We work while it is day. We toil, suffer, fight, but never lose hope.

The evening Angelus accompanies the end of the day's tasks, and the return to the quiet joy of home. The day's struggle is finished. When will life's struggle come to an end? "Pray for us now and at the hour of our death!" Gradually the shadows of night extinguish the light of day. We pray that the darkness of sin may never extinguish the faith and fervor of the Christian life. We must reach the evening of life with hands overflowing with good deeds. Time never returns.

Shall we at the hour of death be worthy of reward or punishment?

Formerly at the ringing of the Angelus bell all activity—work, as well as play; conversation, as well as laughter—ceased. People were not ashamed to kneel down in the very streets to pray to the blessed Virgin.

The first pages of the history of this prayer were written in the Middle Ages. Pope Leo XIII in 1884 gave it the form which we know today.

Some authorities state unhesitatingly that at the end of the Council of Clermont in 1095 Pope Urban II probably decreed the ringing of the Angelus at the moment when the Crusaders were to set forth for the Holy Land. The pealing of the bells would invite all the faithful to pray for the success of the enterprise. Iconography shows Pope Urban carrying a small bell under his right arm.

Others state that in 1262 St. Bonaventure and the Franciscans became ardent propagators of the Angelus. They recited the prayer in the evening after Compline, at the moment when the bells rang. The documents which attribute this distant origin to the Angelus are not sufficiently clear, however, to constitute a real proof. More likely, the Angelus was introduced for the first time at Milan in 1296 by the monk Bonviceno de Riva.

At one time the evening Angelus was identified with the ancient signal of the curfew. In the 12th century the faithful were invited to recite, on hearing the curfew bell, three Hail Marys in remembrance of the Annunciation.

This invocation was allied to the evening prayer of the monks.

In 1307 the Archbishop of Grau prescribed the ringing of the bell each evening, accompanied by the recitation of the Hail Marys, in the churches of Hungary. Germany and France soon followed. Pope John XXII in 1318 approved the custom and attached indulgences to it. It was this Pope who in 1327 requested that it be introduced into Rome.

The morning Angelus was soon added, and was a general practice in the first half of the 15th century. It was called "the bell of peace," because the bishops requested their people to pray at that moment for peace. Prayers were recited to commemorate the sorrows of the Virgin Mary at the foot of the cross. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Theodore Arundel, informed the Bishop of London in 1399 that at the request of King Henry IV the bell, now rung only in the evening, would henceforth be rung likewise in the morning in honor of Mary, patroness of the country.

The noon Angelus came somewhat later. About 1413 it was recited at midday on Friday only, to commemorate the sufferings of the passion and to give thanks for redemption. After 1451 it was recited every day.

In 1456 Pope Calixtus III ordered the daily ringing of the bell to be accompanied by the recitation of three Hail Marys to obtain victory over the Turks. King Louis XI prescribed the same prayer in his kingdom. By the end of the 15th century the Angelus

was recited three times daily in England. During the 16th and 17th centuries the Angelus took on little by little the form we know today. In 1509 the Abbot of the Grande Chartreuse asked the Religious of his monastery and of the other houses of his Order in France to observe the decrees of the Sovereign Pontiff by ringing the bell morning, noon, and evening and by reciting three Hail Marys.

We find the Angelus cited in its present form for the very first time in *The Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary*, revised by order of Pope Pius V, and in the *Catholic Manual*, published in 1588 by St. Peter Canisius.

The Church approves and grants indulgences to this prayer. In 1724 Pope Benedict XIII added new indulgences to those of John XXII. To encourage the faithful to invoke the Mother of the Word Incarnate several times daily, he granted an indulgence of 100 days for each recitation, and a monthly plenary indulgence.

At first the faithful had to kneel while reciting the Angelus, but Benedict XIV (1742), in order to honor the resurrection, ordered the people to stand and recite it at the first Vespers on Sunday. During the Paschal season he replaced the Angelus by the Regina Coeli.

In 1727 Religious who could not pray at the moment when the bell rang were accorded the privilege of gaining the indulgences by reciting the Angelus at their first free moment. The faithful who could not hear the bell likewise obtained in 1781 the privilege

of gaining the indulgences by reciting the prayers at the approximate hour of the Angelus.

Those who were too busy to recite the Angelus could substitute for it this simple invocation:

"Virgin before the birth of Jesus, pray for us.

"Virgin at the moment of the birth of Jesus, pray for us.

"Virgin after the birth of Jesus, pray for us."

Special attention was given to the

ignorant and to those who could not remember the words of the Angelus. They could recite instead an *Our Father* and a *Hail Mary*. Today the Church grants to the faithful who, morning, noon, and evening recite the Angelus, with the verse and prayer, or the Regina Coeli, with the customary prayer, an indulgence of ten years each time and a monthly plenary indulgence under the usual conditions. If they do not know these prayers, they may say instead five Hail Marys.



Prisoners Gain

There she stood in the middle of the dusty Philippines road, little Marie, the Japanese Army nurse, in plain view of the advancing American troops. The Yanks had stormed onto the beaches of Parang, on the west coast of Mindanao, and were driving the frantic enemy before them.

Marie was neat and well-groomed, clad in a faded but clean suit of coveralls. The Americans picked her up; turned her over to the military police, who placed her in the barbed-wire enclosure near Parang. She had little to say, except that she had been left behind when her countrymen fled, and she wanted to see a Catholic chaplain. She was most insistent upon that.

So the provost marshal acceded to her request. He sent a message to Father William V. O'Connor, a 1st Infantry Division chaplain, who was hurrying across central Mindanao with his unit. The chaplain turned his jeep around and made the return trip of 40 miles, dodging howitzer and supply trucks and ambulances.

Marie spoke no English. But Father O'Connor was able to converse with her in Latin, which she knew to perfection. She had been reared by the Maryknoll Sisters in Japan, she told Father O'Connor, and had been an Army nurse since 1942. And it would make her so happy, could she but receive Holy Communion. The priest smiled gently; nodded Yes.

So an olive drab blanket was spread on the gray dust. As Marie knelt reverently, the shadow of the barbed wire fell across her brow. But it disappeared as she lifted her head to receive her Lord—for the first time in three years—at the hands of a chaplain of the conquering American Army.

Littleness and Greatness

By HENRY V. GILL, S.J.

Condensed chapter of a book*

Modern science is somewhat bewildering. We seem to be living in a world of extremes, somewhere between the immeasurably great and the infinitesimally small. On the one hand, astronomers look out on a universe so vast the appalling distances can be measured only in units of light years (the distance traveled by light in a year), and light travels 186,000 miles a second. The nebulae are 100 million light-years distant. Some astronomers tell us the age of the universe is perhaps billions of billions of years. Others say it is thousands of millions at most. In any case, distances and durations on our earth are as nothing compared with the universe around us. Tiny, ephemeral man appears insignificant.

On the other hand, physicists make us acquainted with universes within us, as small in comparison with our earth as the earth is in comparison with the universe. Distances and durations of this sub-universe are proportionally minute. The enormous numbers we deal with in modern science, whether they represent multiples or fractions, convey nothing to the imagination. But an examination of them helps us realize that our concepts of space and time have merely relative values.

We call a year the interval our earth takes to make one complete revolution around the sun; and a day the interval

occupied by the earth in spinning once round its own axis. We make use of these units because they are a fairly constant measure of motion, and we can measure time only by motion. Our clocks and watches are mechanical devices to measure fractions of these units. A man 70 years old has lived on this planet while it made 70 revolutions around the sun.

When we say the earth's age may be a thousand million years, we mean it has existed during the interval required to make one billion (or 10^9) revolutions round the sun. Inhabitants of another planet would doubtless measure their years by their time of revolution round that sun, but we have no reason to suppose there is any other inhabited planet. We are familiar with fictions based on imaginary qualities of inhabitants of Mars, but it is more instructive to consider the spatial and temporal impressions of an imaginary intelligent being, inhabiting an electron, the very smallest of all "planets." In developing this suggestion we must be allowed considerable latitude, for there are obvious difficulties, and even contradictions, in applying to such a being conditions similar to those with which we are familiar.

According to the original Bohr hypothesis (which we need not accept as representing actual fact) an atom

*Fact and Fiction. 1944. Fordham University Press, New York City, 58. 136 pp. \$2.50.

of hydrogen consists of a nucleus, or proton, around which revolves an electron, the smallest particle as yet detected. An extension of this hypothesis makes the electron spin on its own axis. We are told that the dimensions of this atomic system are relatively comparable with the dimensions of our solar system.

Let us suppose there is such a being as an electronic man, endowed with reason like our own, though able to act more rapidly, and that he and all his surroundings are an exact replica of ours, on a scale proportional to the dimensions of his world. Without pressing the similarity too far, we can imagine the planet on which he lives resembles the rotating, sun-swayed earth. Thus, he has days, nights, and years like ours. We may suppose he too has found the best way of measuring time is to take as his unit the time of revolution of the planet Electron around the Proton. We have no way of determining the average age of electronic man, but let us suppose it too is 70 electronic years. Our contemporary would have lived while his planet was making 70 revolutions. During each one of these "years" he would have spent many "days" and "nights." The lengths of these periods would be infinitesimal in comparison with ours, but they would not appear so to him. He would have performed his daily round of duties as we do, and would retire to rest like us, having earned his night's repose.

The life of such a being would be filled with activities similar to ours. His planet would contain astronomers

such as we have. In his learned societies he would explain the results of his observations. In his popular works on his world he would graphically compute the age of the planet Electron and the great atomic universe of which it formed a part. He too would unfold to his readers the enormous distances involved. He would speculate on the possible existence of other systems larger than his own.

It is, however, doubtful if he would have conceived the existence of a being of human dimensions, who lived in a world such as ours, where distances are so immensely greater, and movements so much slower than anything he has any experience of. In propounding his theories as to the age of Electron and Proton, he would possibly arrive at estimates involving millions of millions of "years." For him all these durations and distances would be as real as ours are for us.

Returning for an instant to our observations, as outsiders, in the Electronic universe, we know with considerable accuracy the dimensions of an electron and a proton, and the radius of the electronic orbit. We know, too, the exact magnitude of the forces of attraction which keep the electron in its orbit. From these observations we can calculate the time taken by an electron in a revolution around the nucleus or proton. We find that the time of a single revolution is roughly $1/10^{15}$ seconds, or that in one of our seconds the electron revolves about the proton one thousand million, million times. In other words, in one of our

seconds the planet Electron has existed 1,000,000,000,000,000 electronic years. This is about 300,000 times the age of our universe in solar years, which is at its maximum, estimated as 3×10^{10} .

Are we to say the 70-year-old electronic man is younger or older than a 70-year-old solar man? Or that our planet is any older now than an electron becomes each second? Are we justified in denying there are universes and beings as great in comparison with ourselves as we are in comparison with those of the atomic-electronic universe? Just as we consider electronic times and distances so insignificant, may not other beings look on our times and distances as equally unimportant?

We do not suggest any reality in the picture described, but it helps us realize how incapable we are of judging what time and space are in themselves. One thing, however, stands out, and that is the absolute knowledge we have that of all visible creation, as we know it, man alone is able to take his stand on reality and contemplate those possibilities; to confess his limitations as well as glory in his knowledge. Whether there be elsewhere other beings like himself is of minor importance. He is satisfied by reason that there is One Being infinitely beyond the range of his vision; One of whom he may say that to Him, "a thousand years are as a single day."

At the other end of the scale we meet with the same difficulty, though arising from a different cause. Owing to the enormous distances involved in the study of the heavens, we employ tele-

scopes of great power, and it is possible to predict a limit beyond which the use of telescopes becomes impracticable, mechanically and otherwise. Modern astronomy depends altogether on light waves, whether they be those of the spectrum, or cosmic rays, coming from the remote distances of space. The latter, no doubt, are detected by means of their electric effects. But in either case we depend on these electromagnetic disturbances coming through the ether of space with the enormous yet strictly limited velocity of light.

A discussion on "The Evolution of the Universe" affords a good example of the trend of modern astronomy. The main evidence on which this discussion is based is the condition of the stars and nebulae as interpreted from their spectra. The distance of the nebulae, entering frequently into the discussion, is stated as 100 million light years. Sir James Jeans draws from the evidence of the spectra of those nebulae the conclusion mentioned above, that the whole life of the universe is a matter of hundreds of thousands of millions of years at most.

It is impossible to obtain exact information as to the actual condition of these distant bodies. The light waves furnishing the spectra we are discussing started out across space 100 million years ago. Thus, what these spectra tell us is the condition of these bodies at that very remote stage of their evolution. If we succeed in constructing still more powerful instruments, the difficulty will become all the greater. It may perhaps be said that 100 million

years is a short period compared with the age of the universe, and that we may assume the spectra now observed are identical with those being actually produced. But if we accept the age of the universe as deduced from these very spectra, we find the interval between the "broadcasting" of the spectra and their reception by us is about a thousandth part of the whole time of evolution. Surely this gap cannot be ignored.

One would not like to suggest that this point was overlooked by the scientists who took part in the discussion, but it is certain that one mathematician at least fell into this trap. The following precis is from the supplement to *Nature*, presumably supplied by the speaker, the Rt. Rev. E. W. Barnes, F.R.S., Anglican Bishop of Birmingham:

"We need more facts, and we may obtain them; we need new instruments of greater power and precision. The interferometer, we may hope, points the way to instrumental triumphs of the future. If only an instrument could be invented which should enable us to determine whether stars, within, say *100 light-years distance* [italics inserted], have planetary systems attached to them! We should then know whether any of the few thousand stars near the sun have planets on which life may conceivably exist. If even one such system were found, the present theory of planetary origins would collapse. Failing any such invention of a supertelescope, there remains the possibility of wireless communication. As I have al-

ready indicated, I have no doubt that there are many other inhabited worlds, and that on some of them beings exist who are immeasurably beyond our mental level. We should be rash to deny that they can use radiation so penetrating as to convey messages to the earth. Probably such messages now come. When they are first made intelligible, a new era in the history of humanity will begin. At the beginning of the era the opposition between those who welcome the new knowledge and those who deem it dangerously subversive, will doubtless lead to a world war. But the survivors, when they extricate themselves from the economic consequences of the peace treaty, will begin what we may correctly term a strenuous correspondence course. I should like to be living then. We might get a true understanding of the evolution of the universe."

The Bishop has overlooked the fact—unless he has discovered a new theory—that "wireless" waves travel with the velocity of light. The correspondence course he looks forward to would need an interval of at least 200 years for each question and answer.

This difficulty of the velocity of light is always turning up. Could our instruments enable us to sound still deeper the depths of space, we might find that our spectra belong(ed) to systems which have already ceased to exist, and represent only one disconnected stage in the evolution of the system we now observe! It seems clear that an essential condition for a knowledge of a vast system such as the sidereal universe is

the possibility of knowing now what is actually happening in those far-off regions. We must give up basing knowledge on the data provided by "light years," which are at once a sign of man's ingenuity and a confession of his failure.

We certainly have no indication that this difficulty will ever be overcome. No one in our day has ever suggested the possibility of radiation reaching us simultaneously with its start, traveling, i.e., with a practically infinite velocity, yet that seems to be the only way out. In fact, we can only conceive a complete knowledge of the universe as a whole to be the possession of an intelligent Being who is present everywhere at once, not only throughout the universe spatially, but also throughout what we call time. Both reason and faith teach us that there is such a Being; God, its Creator, can alone understand the universe.

Creation is so far beyond our understanding that we must simply accept it as a fact. "Who hath known the mind of the Lord? Or who hath been His counsellor?" The Catholic is the true agnostic who, faced by the exuberant prodigality of the Creator, humbly admits his ignorance of God's full purpose. In any case, man as we find him is certainly impressed by magnificence and realizes better from the revelations of science the glory of God which the heavens proclaim. Here is object enough, the admiration and worship of God excited by the spectacle of His works, to save the Omnipotent and Eternal from the reproach

of "extravagant world-building," without postulating the existence of other inhabited planets.

The trouble with those who are appalled by the physical insignificance of the earth is that on the one hand they presume they know the whole mind of God, and on the other they do not enough appreciate the mind of man. There is a lingering, half-conscious belief that life and mind are nothing more than some exceptional properties of matter. In face of such misconceptions, it is well for us to realize and be jealous of our complete superiority over the material universe. The very fact that we can take our stand midway between the two extremes of great and small, and in spite of their overwhelming complexity, form judgments as to their nature, is itself the measure of that superiority. It does seem a strange phenomenon that the outcome of centuries of intellectual effort should produce, in the case of certain "intellectuals," something like an inferiority complex!

Wherever it has developed, it is due to the spirit of defeatism and the want of faith, in the search for truth; it is because those men have really dethroned reason, since they find it incapable of solving problems which seem to involve contradictions, and thus deny in themselves their supreme prerogative. Such pusillanimity must end in loss of self-respect. And when we lose respect for our status as intelligent beings, and in all that such a status implies, we are on the way to intellectual and moral bankruptcy.

Chaplain Courageous

They came out singing

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Condensed from *Collier's**

There had been 12 "General Quarters" during the night but no enemy planes had got through, and now the dawn had sent the Japanese scurrying back to their bases on Okinawa and Kyushu. It looked like just another routine day for the big *Essex*-class carrier U. S. S. *Franklin*, rolling along 53 miles east of Shikoku, on Japan's doorstep.

The *Franklin* was named after a famous but indecisive battle of our Civil War, the battle of Franklin, Tenn., but most of the crew thought their ship was named after Benjamin Franklin and they called her the *Big Ben*. She had been out in the Pacific almost a year, was in the Marianas and Philippines campaigns, and knew her way around. Now, at 7 A.M., her fighters off her deck for a strike at Kobe, she was only 50 miles off Japan.

Down in the ready room, pilots lounged about drinking coffee. Everyone felt quite secure. They were in the midst of a huge task force commanded by Vice-Admiral Marc Mitscher. An American air-combat patrol was circling above. Thirty Helldivers warmed up on the big flight deck and 28 more planes were down below in the hangar deck, all bombed and gassed.

Aft on the fantail, Methodist Chaplain Grimes W. Gatlin of Grandview, Texas, murmured the soft words of the

funeral service for a crewman who had died during the night.

Down below in the wardroom, Lieut. Comdr. Joseph Timothy O'Callahan was having breakfast with a few officers. The padre is a dark, slight-built man with wavy black hair and the face of a perennial altar boy.

"This is a day of peace," the padre said. "It is March 19, feast of St. Joseph. He is the patron saint of a happy death."

That's when it happened. It was 7:07 A.M. There was no warning, just an explosion that shook the ship and bounced the plates off the table, and then before the sound of it had died away, there was another, so quickly that it might have been an echo.

Captain Gehres, up on the bridge, saw a single-engined Judy flash out of that cloud bank, diving at 360 miles an hour. Our own planes had been so close to it that the lookouts didn't spot it. It came over the bows of the *Franklin* at 75-foot height, dropped one 500-pounder near the deck edge, swung around the island, and dropped another aft of the island. The first sliced through the steel plate of the deck and hit the hangar deck. It exploded and threw metal all over the deck, went through the gas tanks, and a lick of flame crept over the planes.

The second bomb landed among the

*250 Park Ave., New York City, 17. June 23-30, 1945.

planes that were warming up on deck aft of the island. Their propellers were whirring, and their pilots were in their cockpits. The concussion blew planes against one another, threw turning steel-bladed propellers against fuselages and gas tanks, and a heavy billow of smoke covered planes, men, and deck. The *Franklin*, still under control, steamed ahead. The smoke was bad up on the bridge. You could chew it and spit it out.

Ordinarily, a big carrier can sustain several hits of the 500-pound kind, and perhaps take a torpedo hit or two without being in grave danger. But, as the skipper said later, "This was a Jap pilot's dream."

Under the flight deck, the flames in the forward hangar deck had reached the bombs and the rockets, and then it was as though the world had come to an end. The explosion lifted the huge *Franklin* and spun it sharply to starboard. A burst of flame 400 feet high leaped out of the deck edge. One explosion followed another. The flight deck burst upward in a dozen places. The planes that were aft now began to burn fiercely. Every man of the more than 3,000 on board was knocked down. Before the day was done, 832 of them were dead, and 270 were wounded, the most tragic casualty list ever sustained by a U.S. Navy ship. The second terrific blast crippled the ship; it destroyed 58 planes, and severed practically all communications, except by word of mouth.

Father O'Callahan tried to get aft from the wardroom. As he groped his

way forward through corridors heavy with smoke, he reached a group of frantic men trying to climb through a hatchway that led up to the deck. They were jammed in the hatchway, shocked numb.

"One at a time, boys!" Father O'Callahan said crisply, and, recognizing the authority in his voice, some of the tenseness left them, and reason returned.

"We'll all get out. Take it easy, take it easy. One at a time," he repeated, and one by one they hoisted themselves through the hatchway. Father O'Callahan was trying to get to the flight deck. That's where the wounded were. He went farther aft and there he stumbled over a dozen wounded. One by one he bent over them. Catholic? Jew? Protestant? He didn't know.

"Say an Act of Contrition, boy," he'd murmur. Sometimes the men would look blank. "Repeat this after me, son: 'O my God, I am heartily sorry for having offended Thee.'"

He went from one to another, and to those who were obviously dying he gave absolution.

Every man on the ship shared something with Joseph Timothy O'Callahan. He talked their language, they admired him, and knew he was their friend regardless of their religion. When you got into trouble he was always there with a word in your defense. Besides, he was more than a cleric, somehow. Why, he played poker with you and he wrote songs for the band, and in port he'd have a glass of beer with you. "He believes in two

things," they'd chuckle. "He believes in God and the enlisted man."

Father O'Callahan had given the last rites to dozens of men; he had prayed with the wounded and now, for the moment, he was finished. A strong breeze came from starboard to pierce the heavy smoke, and from the bridge Gehres saw the padre manning a hose. Exhausted men numb from shock lay on the deck, but, when they saw the padre, with the white cross painted on his helmet, they climbed to their feet and followed him.

Hot bombs still rolled about the deck. They were all "armed"; that is, sharp contact would explode them. O'Callahan pointed his hose and led the men to them. He knew that if the heavy stream of the hose ever hit the sensitive noses of the bombs they would explode. Cleverly he directed the stream to the deck a foot from the bombs and literally sprinkled and sprayed them, keeping them cool even though fires raged within feet of them and smoke occasionally hid them from view. A man could stand only a few minutes of that choking smoke. They would fall back gasping, and O'Callahan would cry for more men. He seemed made of iron.

Jurika wrote: "Fires on the flight deck were being fought with great courage and determination. O'Callahan was everywhere, leading men, officiating at last rites, manning hoses and doing the work of ten men."

Fire threatened a five-inch magazine below, loaded with shells. O'Callahan saw the danger and rushed into

the magazine, calling for men to follow. Heat had blistered the paint off ammo lockers, and heavy greenish smoke poured out. The padre wet down the lockers and the shells, then helped carry the stuff out and dump it overboard.

"The padre's praising the Lord and passing the ammunition," somebody yelled.

One man repeated it to another. It traveled all over the ship. The men grinned. The padre was all right. He didn't know it, but up on the bridge Gehres was saying to himself, "If we ever get out of this, I'll recommend that Irishman for the Congressional Medal."

The padre went from one part of the ship to another. He was always where things were hottest, he was smiling, and his good humor and courage acted as a tonic to men who had almost reached the breaking point. Now flaming gasoline had broken out all over. It sluiced down the sloping deck, floating flames that licked everywhere. O'Callahan turned his hose on it and swept it overboard. The fight to survive went on.

Young Lieutenant Stanley S. Graham was the fire marshal. Father O'Callahan was always at his elbow. They call the blond, good-looking fire marshal Steamship Graham. They say that's what the middle initial S in his name stands for.

"We all belonged to the padre's Church that day," Graham said later. "And I'm a Baptist. The padre just doesn't know what fear is."

Father O'Callahan wasn't afraid. In fact, he is puzzled at anyone afraid of death. "It's stupid to fear death," he told me. "Yes, I thought we were all going that morning but I can't say I bothered to think much of it. To begin with, I was prepared. I was as ready as I'll ever be. If a man can be given the chance of picking a way to die, well, what better way than to die in the uniform of the U.S. Navy, fighting for your country? I don't remember being afraid. I've led an academic life for the most part. I often wondered if some of the things I've learned and some of the things I've taught were really of practical value. Well, that morning, I found that everything I'd been taught was now helping me in one way or another. Yes, even logic and philosophy and mathematics and, of course, physics. They give you added strength when you're in the kind of situation we found ourselves in."

"Every time a Judy dived at us," Lieut. Comdr. Dave Berger of Philadelphia said, "we looked for foxholes. We dug our noses in the deck all right. Once when one came close, I ducked behind a five-inch magazine. The Jap had opened his wing guns and was chewing up the deck. At that moment I looked up, and there was Father O'Callahan calmly walking along the flight deck carrying a hose. He was so busy he never noticed the planes."

But everyone noticed the padre. By now everyone on board was talking about him. He walked through smoke and fire, and emerged unscathed. He tried to get a Filipino boy to help him

dump a bomb overboard. The youngster took one look at the bomb and understandably shrank from it.

"Are you a Catholic, son?" Father O'Callahan asked.

The boy nodded.

"Then I'll give you absolution and, no matter what happens, if you truly repent of your sins, you'll have a chance for heaven." Solemnly he repeated the ritual, and the fear left the face of the boy.

"Now, son, let's get to work," Father O'Callahan said crisply.

The boy was a good worker from then on. Good? Gehres recommended him for a Bronze Star.

That story ran around the ship. Men began to believe that if you were with Father O'Callahan you were safe. They crowded around him saying, "What next, padre?" And he'd tell them.

Now and then Father O'Callahan would point to the bridge. The bulky figure of Gehres, megaphone in hand, leaned over the rail. When the wind cleared the smoke away, you could see him. Father O'Callahan would point up to Gehres and he'd cry out to the men, "You can't let the Old Man down. Look at him up there. He doesn't look worried, does he?"

The soft darkness had fallen to end a horrible day. The sick bay was crowded with wounded but the hands of Doctors Fuelling and Smith and Sherman weren't tired, or if they were, you'd never notice it. They had a great assistant with them, Chaplain Grimes W. Gatlin. He had been with them since the first bomb struck early that

morning. He had been comforting the wounded, binding jagged cuts and using the morphine needles. He had never left the wounded. He had some knowledge of medicine and considerable knowledge of men, and his knowledge and deft hands and sympathy were of great help that fearful day. Father O'Callahan is the first to say, "You can't write a story of the *Franklin* without telling of the great work Chaplain Gatlin did." He got the Silver Star.

Late the next afternoon the men found a precious bit of cargo intact: several hundred cases of beer. There was no fresh water left, so Gehres ordered one can of beer to be given to each man. It was a morale builder.

Father O'Callahan had bumped into Saxy Dowell the band leader, who began life in Raleigh, N.C. Saxy used to play with Hal Kemp's band and it was he who wrote the popular song *Three Little Fishes*.

Just before nightfall, a dozen men, most of whom carried makeshift instruments, began to parade the flight deck. They played loudly if not beautifully, and their song was an old familiar American folk song, *The Old Gray Mare*, but the words were: "Oh, the *Old Big Ben*, she ain't what she used to be, ain't what she used to be, just a few hours ago."

The men took up the song. Father O'Callahan was singing louder than any of them. Well, it was his song. The voices rang across the water to the men aboard the accompanying cruisers.

"Those guys must be punch drunk,"

the cruiser crews said. The sound grew louder and louder until every man on the *Franklin* was singing. The voices were cracked from swallowing smoke.

There were 704 men aboard the *Big Ben* as she slid through the waters toward Pearl Harbor. There had been more than 3,000 aboard the morning of March 19. The cruisers had taken off hundreds of unnecessary personnel, but 1,496 were dead or wounded or missing. The seriously wounded had been taken to shore hospitals by the *Santa Fe* and other ships. Seven hundred and four officers and men brought her to port. Father O'Callahan organized the 704 Club. Today each man has a card of membership to this, the most exclusive club in the world, whose members brushed elbows with death and shoved death aside.

Finally the *Franklin* steamed into Pearl Harbor. News of the disaster had reached the big naval base. Every admiral in Hawaii was there to pay his respects to this ship that had come back from the dead. As she approached her dock, every ship in the harbor saluted her. Men looked unbelieving at the huge holes in her. Thirty Waves had volunteered to sing *Aloha*, traditional song of the islands, to welcome the *Franklin*. The crew of the *Big Ben* was drawn up smartly on deck. Yes, even the 270 slightly wounded. The clear voices of the girls rang out in the plaintive strains of the Hawaiian song.

The *Franklin* slid to the dock. The girls looked, faltered, hesitated; they broke down, and their song died. No one could look at this stricken ship

without breaking down. No one but the crew, her own crew.

It was Father O'Callahan who started it, of course. And the whole crew took it up. The admirals waiting on the pier strained their ears.

Theresa Neumann

Being in deeply pious Bavaria, I was anxious to see Theresa Neumann, the stigmatic, about whom so many books have been written. I found most Konnersreuth houses gutted and burned. The front door of the stigmatic's house was blown out, so I went to the rear. The pastor, a white-haired, pleasant-faced priest, was talking in German with a group of GIs.

In the background was a ruddy, round-faced, blue-eyed, smiling woman in her 40's, a black shawl covering her head. Thinking this might be Theresa's mother, I asked her where Theresa was. Her eyes were merry as she replied in German: "I am Theresa Neumann."

I blessed myself hurriedly. The stigmatic unaffectedly opened her hands, which had been clasped together. On the back of each was a scab of hard dark red, about a half inch square. The palms had small pieces of gauze on the centers, covering fresh open wounds.

Still smiling, Theresa observed that the rear of their home had been severely hit by German artillery, the front by American. Neither hit demolished the house.

When I asked the priest in Theresa's

Up on the bridge Gehres nudged Joe Taylor and grinned as these men who had returned from death sang lustily: "The *Old Big Ben*, she ain't what she used to be, ain't what she used to be."

healthful presence if she had perhaps resumed eating, he said Theresa has not eaten a morsel of food nor drunk even a drop of water in the last 17 years.

Looking her 40-odd years, Theresa is robust, able to work, and helps around the house. Her father, mother and sister are also rugged country folk, poor, hard-working.

On numerous Fridays of the year the blood flows from her stigmata in feet, hands and side. During Holy Week this year (as in other years), additional phenomena were evident, nine wounds on her head bled, as where Christ bore the crown; and chest and back bled, as where He was beaten with a metal-tipped scourge.

Notwithstanding the losing of so much blood during Holy Week, and on other Fridays, Theresa quickly regains her strength, and her weight remains substantially the same.

Bishops and archbishops have visited her. Her case has been given clinical study for weeks at a time under constant supervision. At times, as many as 5,000 persons have visited her in a day. Yet, she is as simple as the most forgotten countrywoman.

Chaplain Donald J. Murphy in the Rochester, N. Y., *Courier-Journal* (31 May '45).

Modern Xavier

Condensed from the Honolulu *Catholic Herald**

With feet bare and bleeding, his tattered cassock stained with mud, the priest walked miles through the Indian jungle to visit the scattered villages. The people were always near starvation. The landlords took advantage of the lean peasants' ignorance and helplessness to wring from them the last ounce of grain in payment of rent. Moneylenders battered upon their miseries and necessities, charging them 150% interest on sums borrowed to pay for wedding, funeral, medicine, or seed grain in time of famine. Often the illiterate farmer would be induced to sign a paper which gave the lender a right to his land. All-pervading paganism lay like a suffocating cloud over the land.

Patiently, kindly, with infinite charity, the priest heard all their troubles. Giving no thought to rest or food for himself, he forgot to change his rain-soaked cassock, forgot everything but the needs of those who crowded the little hut. At daybreak he said Mass, examined catechumens, baptized until his arm grew weary. Once he narrowly escaped being eaten by a tiger. On another occasion, having been caught at nightfall in the jungle, he lay down to sleep on the ground and wakened just in time to kill a huge cobra, coiled ready to strike.

Always he was studying, becoming more and more expert in the languages of the tribes. Patiently he applied his

keen mind to the study of the intricate Indian land laws until he became a foremost authority. And periodically he went with his Christian farmers to court and pleaded their cases, usually winning them back their land or their rights.

Towns and villages flocked into the Church, so that during three weeks he baptized over 13,000 men, women, and children. His mission became so large he bought a horse to travel more swiftly along the muddy jungle roads. Within five years he baptized 80,000 Christians, in a territory where the faith had been entirely unknown.

St. Francis Xavier? No. This was a young Belgian priest, Father Constant Lievens, of the Society of Jesus, who died, worn out with his labors, at the age of 38, on Nov. 7, 1895. The place he evangelized was Chota-Nagpur, a district 300 miles west of Calcutta.

"Will his work last?" asked some. "After all," said they, "all those people did not come into the Church for purely spiritual reasons. There was the enticement of temporal advantage, too. Father Lievens helped them with their law cases. Are such Christians sincere?"

The answer is to be found in Chota-Nagpur today, 50 years after the death of Father Lievens. A large, thriving, Catholic peasantry inhabits the hills and wooded valleys. A Bishop, with 65 Belgian Jesuits and 29 native priests,

*1184 Bishop St., Honolulu, 9, Hawaii. May 24, 1945.

rules the district, now a diocese of some 300,000 native Christians. There are more than 18,000 children in 725 Catholic schools. There are native priests and Sisters, seminaries and convents. The district, more prosperous now, has credit unions and cooperative societies. The missionaries have learned

that it does little good to preach the Gospel to starving persons: that the needs of the body have to be considered along with the needs of the soul.

The days of mass conversions are not past. All we need is a saint, now and then. Perhaps they are in our classrooms today.



How To Make Bread

In an abnormal age, what is normal seems to many to be abnormal, or at best a fad. Our present white bread is a child of modern industrialism, which to date has done a deplorably excellent job of destroying mankind. Here is a recipe that was used for some of the most delicious bread I have ever eaten.

For two big loaves: Break yeast cake into about a fourth cup of lukewarm water, not hot, because there is life in the yeast that must leaven the bread. Heat two cups of milk to scalding point, add four tablespoons of dark syrup, two and a half teaspoons of salt, and one tablespoon of lard. Set mixing vessel aside to cool.

Then add to it the softened yeast, and at least four cups of whole-wheat flour, preferably ground in your own kitchen. Mix well, adding enough more flour, with about a cup of white flour suggested for easier blending for beginners, to secure a dough of a consistency "not to stick to your elbow."

Put into greased pan, cover, let rise in warm place about two hours. Punch down. Let rise again, about one hour, and divide into loaves, kneading them on the board, and rounding them nicely. When they have risen to double their size in the greased baking pans (which are never washed), bake in hot oven, say about 425°, 15 minutes, then lower to 375° for an hour. Thump your finger on the bottom of the loaves to determine if they are done. Brush the crust with melted fat. Cool. Make the sign of the cross with the knife on the top of the loaf, slice and eat. It's good with butter or fresh cottage cheese.

It is particularly desirable that all our schools, seminaries, monasteries, return to whole-wheat breads. A friend, recently returned from a retreat at the Kentucky Trappist monastery, sings a glowing paean on the life-giving properties of the whole-wheat bread served there. It is his belief that this bread is largely responsible for the splendid health of the monks whose diet is otherwise rather restricted.

David C. Dunne in the *Living Parish* (June '45).

A Jew Praises Italy

By RICHARD ARVAY

And a priest goes to the synagogue

Condensed from the *Commonweal**

When the books of time are balanced, we shall be duty bound to testify that even under the most trying period of recent history the Italian people carried staunchly and proudly the golden banner of humanity. And together with us, who are refugees in Fort Ontario, will be thousands of other refugees in Italy, who were not lucky enough to reach this country but who will also bear witness to the decency of the Italian people. It is our duty to do everything to make sure that this will be recorded on the credit side of the ledger: the Italians saved 40,000 Jews—perhaps even more—from deportation.

One might say that Italians did no more than what human decency requires. Surely, one may say this. But did all nations fulfill the simple commands of human decency? In France, for instance, under the name of Vichy, collaborators worked as the handymen of atrocity. We had hoped to find in France our second mother country; instead, we starved and froze in concentration camps, or chopped wood in forced labor companies. In burning heat or cold, from gray morning until weary nightfall we toiled, directed by cruel and corrupt supervisors. And those disciples of Vichy were debased enough to steal the few cents we received for our labor.

The Germans needed much charcoal; we produced too little. For months on end our nourishment consisted of partly rotten turnips and cabbage. "Perhaps it can't be otherwise," we said. "German pressure is too severe. But the French have granted us the privilege of asylum; we hold written proof of it. Never will they hand us over to the Germans, even if they should demand it."

Well, Vichy did hand us over; 100,000 Jews, possibly even more, were deported from France to Poland. One cannot say that the French were enthusiastic about this action. Many gave verbal expression to their disapproval. Others helped to hide outcasts or assisted in getting us food. But for the most part, people were passive. "We are a poor defeated people, we must wait orders until we shall be liberated." Most officials clung to their posts, worked, and even carried out German orders without the slightest attempts at sabotage.

Our labor company was quartered in a barn. One day, at four in the morning, it was completely surrounded by police. I was sleeping in a dark corner from which a ladder led upstairs. Then I heard voices and saw lights flashing; I snatched my clothing and without hesitation climbed the ladder. Thence to the roof and thence by jumping I

*386 4th Ave., New York City, 16, June 8, 1945. n1 382 n1126 I

reached the branch of a tree. It was dark; I was in the protecting forest.

For seven months I lived in flight, hunted by the police. I hid on out-of-the-way farms; for three weeks I was concealed in a dark barn which I could leave only at night. Another time I hid in the coal bin of a monastery. At last I found a hospital whose chief physician was a sincere anti-nazi.

After a time word came from Nice that Jews who had escaped to Italian-held territory would be under protection of the Italian government. It seemed unbelievable. I decided to go to Nice. I had nothing to lose now. Even though I had so successfully eluded police for seven months, sooner or later they must trap me.

I tried to get false French identification papers. This was not difficult, because in all occupied territory transactions involving false papers flourished. In Marseilles German officers inspected the train. But they compared only the snapshot of the card with the face of the traveler. My documents were returned without question.

In Nice I reported to Italian headquarters and was from that moment under protection of the Italian government. No sooner had I left the police station than I was stopped by French police in civilian clothing.

"My papers are at Italian headquarters," I said, and tried to appear calm. "Come with me!"

"No, you are going with us," one said roughly. My protests were to no avail and I had to follow. For 24 hours I again sat in a French prison. The

next day I was released by order of Italian headquarters, which had learned of my imprisonment.

For a few months I lived peacefully. Then came the armistice. Overnight, the Italians vanished and never-ending columns of Germans marched into Nice. To stay any longer seemed unwise. It seemed more sensible to make use of the uproar and general confusion in Italy, to try to reach Rome, where the allied armies were expected daily.

I crossed the Col di Finestra with three comrades. At the top was an Italian fort. As we approached the summit, Italian soldiers came rushing down toward us. Frightened, we threw away our knapsacks and began to run. "*Siamo amici!*" they shouted, and they waved us to come back: "*Siamo amici! We are friends!*" They had dashed out only to help us mount the last steep edge of the Col di Finestra and to assist with our luggage.

Everything was upside down in Italy. The Army was on the point of being dissolved and everywhere Germans could be seen. We were forgotten in the confusion. The first days we kept on marching. When we were tired and hungry we entered the nearest farmhouse. In the beginning we did not dare identify ourselves, but we quickly learned the magic of the words "*Siamo ebrei. We are Jews.*" It was as in a fairy tale. Unfriendly faces suddenly changed into kind ones, food was brought out of hiding places. Though it was strictly forbidden to give asylum to strangers, never did we

encounter difficulties in finding a place to sleep.

After a time we even dared to board the trains. The stationmaster to whom we told our predicament assured us that Germans did not supervise train travel. We reached Rome.

For any person with illegal papers it is of utmost importance to have a sort of "free harbor" in a new city, because the dangers in an unknown setting can be almost overwhelming for those in flight. In Genoa we had been given the address of the Jewish Committee in Rome. But when we arrived we found the doors locked. The committee supposedly had gone out of existence. None of us could speak Italian properly, none of us had friends or relatives in the city. Wherever we looked we saw German uniforms.

Without hesitation, I turned for help to the first Catholic priest who passed. (It isn't difficult to find one in the streets of Rome.) He led us to a monastery, and next morning brought us into contact with the committee, which functioned secretly.

We were not the first to whom the idea had occurred to wait for the Americans. Hundreds had fled the camps with the same notion. Daily the number of new arrivals grew. How was it possible to conceal so many?

An underground organization under leadership of the Capuchin Father Benedetto worked with the Italian police; Signore di Fiori, head of the foreign section of the police, knew well enough that the French papers presented to him were not genuine. (Some

members of the organization produced them wholesale in a room in the Capuchin monastery.) All were legalized by the Italian police. We received ration books and permits for residence in Rome. This enabled us to show legal papers to Germans who might challenge us. The police had to keep a record on every foreigner. To safeguard the records from German hands they were hidden in the cellar of the Questura.

Trembling, one entered police headquarters. "You are French, Catholic, Aryan, aren't you?" said the official before one could open one's mouth, and he wrote the permit.

Of course there had been good people in France, patriots, who helped us, otherwise none of the 500 who fled to Italy could have escaped. But nowhere had there been such an open, courageous effort to sabotage the German regulations as in Italy. Only after the successful invasion in North Africa did the French awaken from their lethargy.

The closer the Americans came, the worse things became in Rome. Germans searched for Italians of draft age, of whom at least 200,000 hid away who did not wish to fight for the Germans. Field gendarmes in green uniforms swarmed everywhere, and without asking any questions, took men away. "Don't go into the street," everyone said, but one had to go. One had to eat, had to get the three and a half ounces of bread which were our daily ration. (How many times did we go in vain to the Ponto Sisto, center of the black market, before we could buy

food even at a terrific price.) Every sally into the streets was an adventure, and danger was hidden around every corner.

Three weeks before the Americans came, the police warned us to hide. The Germans had learned our papers were false.

Eight weeks before, two soldiers in German uniform had come to a leader of our underground. "We were forced into the German Army," they said. "We are French. Here are our papers. We want to desert. Please help us!" The papers were genuine. They spoke French as only Frenchmen do. We had to help. We gave them civilian clothing, money, false papers. We assisted them to find quarters where they could live without being registered. One sick with jaundice was nursed by one of our wives. And then they betrayed us for money! Five thousand lire for every Jew! Eighty-one persons who for years had trembled for their lives, and only through cleverness and luck had escaped German traps, fell into the hands of the Gestapo. And the number would have been higher, perhaps all would have been caught, if the Italian police had not warned us in time.

Indescribable was the confusion that those two traitors caused. They knew all the details of our organization, knew almost all of our real and assumed names. But the Italian police did not look on quietly. One day, as they approached a shop to buy their daily bread, the two criminals were stopped by two men in civilian clothing. "Papers!" The papers were in or-

der, but the two gentlemen found something wrong and took the Frenchmen away. They were imprisoned under assumed names, so that the Germans lost all trace, and hidden until the Americans came. Later they were delivered for trial to a court-martial of the De Gaulle Army.

The grim fate of deportation to Poland came very close to me in the last phase of this desperate struggle. When the warning of the police reached me I rushed to friends to tell them to leave at once. But before I could explain anything, the doorbell rang. Once (we had our definite signals), two times short: then we knew it was a friend. Only once! That seemed dubious. We did not open.

The bell rang again, longer, more threatening. Then someone knocked. We had to open. I went to the window and looked out. We were on the fifth floor. What happened then I don't quite remember. Someone opened the door. An incisive, threatening voice: no one is to leave the apartment! A Frenchman spoke these words. The French traitor! I heard horrified cries and the noise of heavy boots.

Without a moment's hesitation I climbed out of the window and stood on the small cornice of the housefront. It was a modern house with a smooth façade. Deep below, a street cleaner swept quietly without even looking up. From the window of the house opposite a half-dressed woman stared. I walked as if entranced. Whither? That I didn't know myself. But to be caught—that was out of the question.

It would be better to fall; five stories would eliminate the fear of being deported to Poland. The cornice sloped so that water could run off. Of course, when the architect designed this house, he could not know that some man fleeing for his life would try this way.

Now the cornice stopped. On to the next house the ledge was about ten inches lower.

Only ten inches . . . but five stories high . . . and a smooth façade! I moved one foot, took it back, looked up at the sky, and started to pray. Then I dared to move. The next ledge was twice as broad. I almost ran to the next balcony, took hold of the iron balustrade, climbed over it, and stood in front of a glass door. It was unlocked. A slight pressure of my hand and I was in a room.

An old man sitting at a writing desk jumped up terrified. I rushed past him, down the stairs, and into the street. I ran as never before in my life.

After the Frenchmen's treachery, the Catholic Church assisted in finding us quarters in houses of pious Catholics. I lived, together with a comrade, in the home of the widow of an Italian general. In other apartments were young Italians, and English officers. Almost all houses had such guests.

We trembled lest the Germans systematically search whole districts. But they did not have sufficient troops. The Americans were drawing nearer, and every German was ordered to the front. It would not have made sense to entrust the search to Roman policemen.

But we tried to avoid leaving our

homes. It was my task to maintain communication with forty families. It was not advisable to ask them to my home. I arranged a fixed meeting place three times a week in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. This beautiful church was crowded all day long. Waiting there I was in no way conspicuous, and one by one my clients came. Without words I pressed the envelope into their hands. None of us knew where the others were living, after the betrayal. In the Via Tasso, the Gestapo beat prisoners till they spoke. The screaming of the tortured prevented the people in the neighborhood from sleeping.

Twelve days before the end, I was stopped by two fascist policemen followed by a German. They wanted my papers. Since the Germans knew that French and Hungarians' papers were false, we could not use them. I had Italian papers, that an official had given me free of charge, listing me as Italian. But my first sentence in Italian would have given me away. I looked at the policeman with uncomprehending eyes, and slowly reached into my pocket. He took the paper, checked the snapshot.

"Are you from Naples? Since when have you been in Rome?"

I did not answer at once but held my head in an awkward position, mouth open and lips drooping. And then I stammered, "*Bom . . . Bom . . . Bombardamento . . . Napoli . . . Bombardamento . . .*"

My words were accompanied by uncertain, trembling gestures. "Residence

permit? Where do you live? What are you doing in Rome?"

I did not react to questions. "*Bom . . . Bom . . . Bombardamento . . . Napoli . . .*" I repeated over and over.

Curious onlookers had gathered. Words of disapproval could be heard; the police should leave the poor victim alone. But the fascist asked more questions and became more nervous. My trembling lips brought nothing but the sad, accusing "*Bom . . . Bombardamento.*" The policeman got tired, and returned my papers. I did not move. I was afraid. Finally he left.

Slowly I continued my act, "*Bom . . . Bombardamento . . . Napoli . . .*" I felt a hand in my pocket. Another followed. My pockets were filled with money. An old woman was crying. "My daughter also died during the bombardment of Naples," she sobbed.

I hid myself in the doorway of a house around the corner. My knees were trembling as if I had actually experienced a bombardment. I found 57 lire in my pocket. I felt like a thief.

After this I did not dare go out. The janitor took pity on us. Without him we would have starved. We sat with blinds down. In the next apartment was a radio. For hours we tried to listen. The newspapers, directed by fascists, tried to minimize the advance of the Allies. Our tension grew.

During the nights, tanks, ammunition convoys, troops, passed under our window toward the German front. Friday night, the picture changed. An endless stream of German cars were driving in the opposite direction. On

Saturday night, the procession never stopped.

Sunday morning the Germans began to dynamite important military buildings, and explosions continued all day. At seven that night German paratroops took possession of the crossings, and shot into windows if they were not closed. After some time they left, running rather than walking. They were followed by a car which had a huge swastika draped across the radiator. The swastika left Rome.

Then quiet. The streets were empty. No more Germans could be seen. We stood close to the windows, trying to look out. But neither we nor the people in the houses opposite dared open the windows. About 9 o'clock, all of a sudden, we heard shouts, screams. "*Arrivat! Arrivat!* They have arrived! The Americans are here!"

In all churches people were praying; and the large synagogue was reopened with a solemn thanksgiving service. It was a ceremony of joy. The place of honor was occupied by the Capuchin Father Benedetto.

And when the rabbi, a member of the English Army, in uniform, deeply moved, thanked the Catholic Church for all she had done in the deepest fulfillment of the command, "Love thy neighbor," and when he, while saying this, pointed to Father Benedetto, the silence was broken by a long storm of applause. And perhaps for the first time since the creation of the world, the walls of a Jewish house of prayer trembled with applause to honor a Catholic priest.

Catholics in Britain

By ROBERT WILBERFORCE

England starts to become merrier again

Condensed from a pamphlet*

The year 1829 ushered in the modern age of religious liberty in Great Britain. In that year George IV signed the Catholic Emancipation bill, abolishing all laws against Catholics. Today freedom of worship is real and complete in Britain and in the British Commonwealth and the Empire. The clause in the coronation oath, which every sovereign since the 17th century was required to recite, declaring his disbelief in the Mass, was abolished by Parliament in 1910.

It is estimated that towards the end of the 18th century, Catholics in England, Scotland and Wales had dwindled to about 60,000, or one in every 150 of the population. Today Catholics in England, Scotland, and Wales number 3,021,000, including 7,106 priests, or slightly over one in 16.

At the beginning of the 19th century, Catholic leadership in England, largely in the hands of landed gentry and nobility, was extremely conservative. As the century proceeded and Catholics became more numerous in urban districts they began to take a larger part in public affairs. Today the 23 Catholic members of the House of Commons represent widely diversified constituencies: conservatives, 14; labor, seven; independent, two. First seaman in the British Navy to sit in Parliament

is a Catholic, Stoker W. J. Edwards. He represents Whitechapel, London, as a Labor member.

After 1829, Catholic peers re-entered the House of Lords. Today there are 48 Catholic peers, and 30 lords by courtesy. Catholic members of the Privy Council number 14. There are 76 Catholic baronets (an hereditary title), and 105 knights, a life title bestowed for meritorious services to the nation. Among the knights are Vice-Admiral Sir Gerald Dickens, the grandson of Charles Dickens, the novelist, and Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Harwood, in command of the *Exeter* when it successfully attacked the *Graf Spee* in December, 1939. The Duke of Norfolk, premier Duke and hereditary Earl Marshal of England, a Catholic, is responsible for all the arrangements when a sovereign is crowned in Westminster Abbey.

In 1850 Westminster was established as an archdiocese, with 15 suffragan Sees. Since that year there have been five archbishops, all created cardinals; Archbishop Griffin, who recently succeeded the late Cardinal Hinsley, is the sixth. He served in the Royal Naval Air service and the R.A.F. during the last war, afterwards studying at the English College in Rome. He has always been active in labor and social

*Catholics in Britain Today. British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City, 20. April, 1945.

movements, like Cardinal Manning, one of his predecessors in the See of Westminster, a pioneer of social justice in Victorian days. In fact, Cardinal Manning was in close touch with Leo XIII while the encyclical *Rerum Novarum* was in preparation. Archbishop Griffin has always been a strong supporter of the Catholic Social guild and the Catholic Workers college at Oxford.

In 1911 England was divided into three ecclesiastical provinces—Westminster, Birmingham and Liverpool, to which a fourth, for Wales (Cardiff), was added in 1916. England and Wales now have four archbishops and 14 bishops, and the hierarchy is recognized as an important factor in national life.

The Catholic Church in Scotland is a separate administrative unit from that of England and Wales. There are two archbishops and four bishops, the archepiscopal and metropolitan See of St. Andrews and Edinburgh forming a province with the four episcopal Sees of Aberdeen, Argyll and the Isles, Dunkeld, and Galloway. The second archbishopric is that of Glasgow, which has no suffragan Sees. In relation to the total population of Scotland, the proportion of Catholics is higher than in England and Wales: total population (1939 census) is 4,907,619—Catholic, 621,398, or about one in every eight persons.

Great Britain has 181 Religious Orders for women and 63 for men, with hundreds of convents, colleges, schools, and hospitals. Most Catholic secondary

schools and many elementary schools are conducted by Orders.

In England and Wales there are 1,345 Catholic elementary schools with 379,000 enrollment, and 559 secondary schools with 61,000 pupils; 1,275 of the elementary and 95 of the secondary schools receive government aid. The Catholic Educational Council is the central body for all Catholic public educational purposes in England and Wales.

The organization of public education in Scotland also is distinct from that of England and Wales. In Scotland, schools of all religious denominations, including Catholic schools, are financed entirely from public funds. In addition to the elementary and secondary schools there are a number of Catholic schools analogous to Protestant public schools, like Eton and Winchester. (The nearest equivalent in America to the English "public school" is the private boarding school.)

The reintegration of Catholics into the social and intellectual life of England was completed nearly half a century ago by their return to Oxford and Cambridge. In 1895 the Oxford and Cambridge Catholic Education board was established and Catholic chaplains were appointed. Campion hall, recognized by the universities as a house of studies, was opened by the Jesuits in 1896. Its present Master, Father Martin d'Arcy, is widely known for his philosophical works. At Cambridge, St. Edmund's house for secular priests and Benet house for the Benedictines of Downside were founded in the same

year, and in the following year (1897) a house of studies for the Ampleforth Benedictines was opened at St. Benet's hall, Oxford. Subsequently, houses of study have been established by the Franciscans, Salesians and Christian Brothers, and the Holy Child, Notre Dame and Sacred Heart nuns, at Oxford and Cambridge, all recognized by the universities. Blackfriars, Dominican, at Oxford, has an international character in view of the numerous Dominicans from other countries who have lectured there. Many of the ancient foundations at Oxford and Cambridge were Benedictine, Dominican or Franciscan colleges in medieval times and these Orders may, therefore, be regarded as returning to universities with which they have many historical associations.

The lay Catholic students, both at Oxford and Cambridge, belong to the university in the same way as other undergraduates, through membership of one or another of the colleges. Catholic students and graduates at Oxford, Cambridge, the University of London and the provincial universities are organized through the University Catholic Federation of Great Britain.

From the outbreak of war no religious leader was more emphatic than the late Cardinal Hinsley (appointed Archbishop of Westminster in 1935) in condemning the onslaught which compelled Britain to leave the path of peace. In the pulpit, pastoral letters, and in broadcasts he helped stir the nation to a full participation in a war to restore international order.

In 1940 he inaugurated the Sword of the Spirit movement, a campaign of prayer, study, and action, to face the spiritual issues of the war and to combat those forces which tend to undermine human society and Christian civilization. It is based on the ten points set forth in the famous letter to *The Times* of December, 1940, signed by Cardinal Hinsley, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the moderator of the free churches. The first five points are those proclaimed as the necessary conditions of a just peace in the Pope's Christmas-eve allocution, 1939.

Catholics in Britain, from the start, recognized totalitarianism as the avowed enemy of Christianity and gave wholehearted support to its defeat. Organizations like the Catholic Women's league and the Grail immediately diverted their activities to war work, providing hostels and canteens, and doing other war duties. Catholics have been particularly busy caring for the many Catholic refugees from countries like Austria, Belgium, France, Italy, the Netherlands, and Poland, who have found a welcome and a home in Britain since 1939. Three of Britain's women's war services are headed by Catholics.

An impressive number of Catholics in the armed forces have been decorated for heroism. For instance, the rarely awarded Victoria Cross, the highest British decoration for bravery, has been won by 17 Catholics.

There are 700 Catholic chaplains in the British armed forces. Msgr. James Dey is their Bishop-in-Ordinary. Every

branch of the fighting services has its own Catholic chaplain-in-chief. Every station and every training school in Britain has its own place of Catholic worship.

Since 1915, Great Britain has maintained diplomatic relations with the Vatican. The present minister is Sir d'Arcy Osborne. After Italy's entry into the war and during the German occupation of Rome the British minister resided in Vatican City at the invitation of the Pope. Subsequently he returned to the British legation in Rome.

In 1935 an apostolic delegation was established in London. The present Apostolic Delegate is Archbishop Godfrey, an Englishman, formerly rector of the English college in Rome. Through him many questions of ecclesiastical administration are conducted on behalf of the Vatican.

There are both English and Scottish national colleges for students for the priesthood in Rome. The English is one of the oldest of the national colleges; some historians have traced its origin to the school founded in Rome by Ine, King of the West Saxons in 727. There is no historical evidence for this interesting tradition, but it was founded not later than the middle of the 14th century and occupies its original site. In view of its antiquity, it is known as the *Venerabile* or Venerable English college. Cardinal Hinsley was rector before he became Archbishop of Westminster.

The Scots' college was founded in 1600, and a large number of the Scot-

tish Bishops have been ex-students.

The leading Catholic paper in Britain is the *Tablet*, a weekly review founded in 1841. It is edited by a board of which Douglas Woodruff, the well-known writer, is chairman. The *Universe*, founded in 1860, has a weekly circulation of 145,000, the largest of any religious periodical in Britain. The circulation of the *Catholic Herald*, founded in 1886, is 69,000, and the *Catholic Times*, also founded in 1860, has about 50,000. The *Glasgow Observer* and the *Catholic Fireside* are also weekly publications.

Among monthly reviews, *Blackfriars*, edited by the Dominicans at Oxford, and the old-established *Month*, a Jesuit publication edited by Father John Murray, S.J., are best known. Two English Catholic quarterlies are the *Dublin Review*, a London magazine; and the *Downside Review*, edited by Benedictines.

Since the middle of the last century, when Catholics in Britain began to take a greater part in public affairs, a steady increase of distinguished Catholic names appeared in all activities. This has been particularly marked in the arts, literature, and music. First and beyond all is Cardinal Newman, who in both prose and poetry greatly enriched English literature. Among Catholic poets, the most famous after his time are Alice Meynell, Coventry Patmore, Francis Thompson, Gerard Manley Hopkins, and, today, Alfred Noyes.

The music of Sir Edward Elgar is so closely identified with England that

it is difficult to think of him apart from his country. From 1924 until his death he was Master of the King's Musick, an honor in the musical world analogous to the distinction of poet laureate in poetry. Sir Richard Terry, who died a few years ago, was choirmaster of Westminster cathedral. He was knighted for his contribution to English music. His biggest achievement was in editing the polyphonic works of the great English composers of religious music from the 13th century, a work made possible through the generosity of the Carnegie corporation.

Among artists may be mentioned Alice Meynell's sister, Lady Butler, for her heroic canvases connected with the 19th-century English saga, the muralist Sir Frank Brangwyn, and the portraitist Sir John Lavery. Another was Eric Gill, strange and versatile genius whose sculpture is to be seen in such different milieux as Westminster cathedral in London, and the League of Nations at Geneva.

The names of Gilbert K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, Maurice Baring, Arnold Lunn, Christopher Dawson, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Algernon Cecil, Monsignor Knox, Father Martindale, E. I.

Watkin, Compton Mackenzie, Evelyn Waugh, Graham Greene, among essayists, novelists, historians and philosophers, are illustrations of recent and contemporary Catholic writers. In the not too distant past one recalls also Lord Acton, one of the greatest historians of the 19th century. Perhaps the best known British architect today is Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, a Catholic, who designed the Anglican cathedral in Liverpool. He was appointed recently to restore the bombed part of the House of Commons.

In the responsibilities of the British Empire, Catholics also have been active, perhaps the best known being Lord Ripon, Governor General of India at the end of the last century. Lord Perth, better known as Sir Eric Drummond, was secretary-general of the League of Nations from its start. Lord Tyrrell, formerly ambassador in Paris, Lord Howard, formerly ambassador in Washington, and more recently, Sir George Ogilvie-Forbes, ambassador to Venezuela, and Sir George Rendel, representing Britain on the UNRRA Committee for Europe, are well known names among Catholics in the diplomatic service.



What It Is

Bigotry has no head and cannot think, no heart and cannot feel. When she moves it is in wrath; when she pauses it is amid ruin. Her prayers are curses, her god is demon, her communion is death, her vengeance is eternity, her decalogue is written in the blood of her victims, and if she stops for a moment in her infernal flight, it is upon a kindred rock to whet her vulture fang for a more sanguinary desolation.

Daniel O'Connell

The Parental Blessing

By HUMPHREY RUSZEL, C.R.

Love's signature

Condensed from the *Cantian**

This summer many youths will leave their parents to begin a new life away from home. Before they leave, they should receive their parents' blessing.

A seminarian told me about the blessing he received the night before he left home. His father called him into the living room, told him to kneel, gave him a short talk on what it means to leave home and family; then solemnly made the sign of the cross over him while invoking God's blessing, and sprinkled him with holy water. Years later the seminarian was still moved at the remembrance.

Parents naturally desire God's blessings for their children, and its outward expression is the parental blessing. In the Old Testament patriarchs blessed their children. But whereas then it was only the father or head of the family who imparted the blessing, since the time of Christ, mothers also may and should bless their children.

Early Christian parents made the sign of the cross over their children daily. The weaving two-handed motion that Mohammedan women even today make over their children each time they finish dressing them is a remnant of the practice of their early Christian forebears, before the Mohammedans rooted out Christianity in Northern Africa.

One cannot read the lives of saints without noticing how much they loved this practice of the parental blessing. St. Macrina, the grandmother of St. Basil and St. Gregory, blessed her two grandsons every day. St. Francis de Sales also knelt daily for his parents' blessing. St. Jane Frances de Chantal gathered her children about her every evening, said night prayers with them, and then devoutly made the sign of the cross on each child's forehead with holy water. "Whoever is blessed by his parents is blessed by God," says St. Ambrose.

Children quickly learn to appreciate their parents' blessing, and they honor and respect them the more for giving it. Above the hand of their parents, they see God, their heavenly Father, blessing them. The parents themselves benefit from this practice, feeling it their duty to live worthy of God, in whose name they bless their children.

The actual blessing can be imparted either in a simple or solemn manner. The simplest manner is to make the sign of the cross in silence over all the children together, while they sprinkle them with holy water. To impart the blessing more solemnly, the parent places his hand on the head of the kneeling child and says, "God bless you," or "I bless you, my child." Then he makes the sign of the cross with holy

*3689 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, 8, Mo. June, 1945.

water on the child's forehead, saying, "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." The child may answer "Amen," or, "May God reward you."

Blessing can also be sent to those away from home, by adding to the end of every letter, "Your father and mother bless you."

The parents' blessing may be given every evening after night prayers, though it can also be given oftener. For example, mothers could bless their children before they go to school or to church, to confession or Holy Communion; and also before they go on

a journey or begin any dangerous work.

A solemn blessing should be given on the day of first Communion, on the wedding day, and on any memorable occasion like that of a son's departure for the Army or of a daughter's entrance into a convent. Above all, parents on their deathbed should bless their children. The remembrance will be stamped so indelibly on the hearts of the children that nothing can ever efface it. In later life the children may falter, or fall, but the memory of their parents' blessing will help them return to God.



Fore and Aft

Modern homes have bars built in and children barred out.

Some persons buy cemetery lots in advance but do nothing about getting a place in heaven.

The churchgoer who searches for something small at collection time shouldn't overlook himself.

The toughest job in life is to correct a mistake without admitting we made it.

Some persons are late for church because they have to change a tire, and others because they have to change a dollar.

Japan is one day ahead of us in time. Their fleet usually has a 24-hour start on ours, too.

Yeh, and many a war worker and his money are soon parted.

The bottlenecks are gone but there's lots of evidence that bottles haven't.

Funny thing about charity—you add it to your eternal credit and deduct it from your income tax.

Saddest thing about liquor is that a man drinks to another person's health and ruins his own.

And most women buy shoes that are too little and very late.

Joseph J. Quinn in the Southwest Courier.

Pius XI and Fascism

By H. GABRIEL JUSTIN

Condensed from the *C.Y.O. News**

A Catholic finds it hard to understand how, 16 years after the documents were signed, so many non-Catholics continue to misinterpret the Lateran pacts of Feb. 11, 1929. It is not as though literature on the subject did not exist; it is rather that such literature has not been read.

Everyone knows that the Lateran pacts between the Vatican and Italy put an end to the so-called Roman Question which arose in 1870, when Italian troops invaded the papal city of Rome and the Pope retired to his palace by St. Peter's, there to live a voluntary prisoner in protest against the violence done his state.

That is common knowledge. But the purpose of the pacts is not so well-known. Thus, in February of this year, 1,600 Protestant clergymen signed a statement wherein they charged that "it is tragically significant that when, in 1929, the papacy re-entered the political field it did so in alliance with enemies of those very cultures (the democracies) in which its Church had thrived. As a political power it gained its first fatal successes in treaties of friendship with fascist powers." That sounds sinister; but it speaks in flat defiance of all that sound scholarship has made clear since 1929.

It should be plain that there are many reasons behind treaties. Some-

times pacts arise out of common purposes and like intentions—such is the document which, in January, 1942, bound the United Nations together. These may fairly be called treaties of friendship. But sometimes pacts arise out of cross-purposes and hidden fears—so it was that, in 1943, Poland signed a treaty with Germany which pledged each state to respect the other's frontiers for ten years. That was not due to any extraordinary love of Pole for German or vice versa; it was signed, as Prof. Carlton J. H. Hayes has said, because Poland, "fearful of Russia as well as of Germany, and dubious about relying exclusively on French guarantees, welcomed Hitler's surprising overtures for a direct understanding."

To which class do the Lateran pacts belong? One can only decide by going to the record. But certainly it is no argument to say, as Kenneth Leslie does in the March issue of the magazine which sponsored the declaration by the 1,600 ministers, that "these clergymen, like most other people, read the newspapers and are quite well aware that in 1929 a concordat, Lateran treaty and financial convention were established between the Vatican and Mussolini." That does not prove friendship between the two powers, any more than the fact that sometime the U. S. will sign a treaty with Ger-

Here is the record

*31 Mulberry St., Newark, 2, N. J. May, 1945.

many and Japan proves friendship among them.

For any one who has taken the trouble to study the long course of negotiations which led at length to the Lateran pacts (negotiations that started in August, 1926, though the treaties were not signed until February, 1929, and not ratified until the following June) two things are clear: one, that by 1926, Pope Pius XI had become exceedingly critical of the fascist regime in Italy and was not adverse to saying so openly; another, that it was the Italian state, not the Pope, which made the first moves towards getting the treaties. And the fascist state was forced to make serious concessions to the Church to get what it wished.

One or two references to Pius' words, in the period between 1926-29, may make the first point clear. In September, 1926, at the commencement of negotiations, the Pope reacted against a fascist terror campaign conducted against Italian Catholic youth organizations, by calling off an international gymnastic tournament of the Catholic Federations of Europe. The exhibition had been scheduled to be held at Rome Sept. 3-6.

Just after the papal suspension, a French official, M. Thibaudau, had an audience with the Holy Father. He asked permission to have the French youths come to Rome not as gymnasts but as pilgrims. "Gently, but firmly, Pius XI repulsed my suggestion," writes Thibaudau. "The situation is too serious," the Pope answered me. But the Holy Father asks us to profit

by the incident and to make it known by breaking through the censorship which is severe in Italy, and telling the truth to the entire world. The Italian press is not able to say anything; liberty itself has been banished and the badly informed stranger does not know what is happening in Italy, where everything is in the hands of the tyrannical militia."

Or take the Pope's condemnation of fascist educational theory in his Christmas sermon of 1926: "It is feared that the sound education of youth is being imperiled, for of late there is being propagated an idea of the city or state which is opposed to Catholic doctrine, namely, that the citizen exists only for the state"; or his comments of March 25, 1928, when some Catholics, who were fellow-travelers with the fascists, had read into the Pope's recent silence concerning the Italian regime proof that the Pontiff had given up his opposition to the party. "One may, and often one must, remain silent," Pius said bitterly, "not because he has nothing to say, but in order not to aggravate conditions which are already unhappy."

As for the evidence that it was the Italian state rather than the Church which proposed the negotiations leading up to the pacts, one has only to read through the sixth chapter of Dr. D. A. Binchy's book, *Church and State in Fascist Italy*. That the state had to make serious concessions before the Pope would negotiate is equally clear. The final documents of Feb. 11, 1929, consist of two sections: a treaty, which

includes a financial agreement, that set up the Vatican State and recognized the sovereign independence of the Holy See; and a concordat which arranged relations between Italy and the Church in matters of religion. The Italian state was perfectly willing, even anxious, to negotiate the treaty; the Pope wanted something more; he agreed only on the condition that they give him a concordat also. It was a concession the fascists had to make.

It is particularly significant that right after the signing, when the Pope spoke to the students of the Catholic University of Milan on Feb. 13, 1929, he pointed out that "it is the concordat which not only explains and justifies, but which recommends the treaty. Upon the concordat as a condition *sine qua non* the Pope has insisted from the beginning."

One must turn to the concordat text to see why it was so important for the Pope, why so disliked by the fascists. For it ties the hands of the government and marks off vast areas wherein it may not interfere. And such a thing is particularly distasteful to a totalitarian regime.

For example, the first article of the concordat guarantees to the Church that the Italian state will not interfere with the practice of the Catholic faith nor with the free exercise of the authority of the Church; the second pledges that the government will allow absolute freedom to the Pope in communicating with the bishops and the clergy of all the world; the 36th establishes religious instruction for all Cath-

olic children in the state schools, and puts such instruction under the direct supervision of the bishops; the 37th provides that the directors of the state youth organizations will so arrange their outings, etc., as not to interfere with the children hearing Mass on Sundays and holydays; and the 43rd guarantees the continued existence of the Catholic Action associations.

It is in a combination of the two facts noted above that one must seek the genuine explanation of the Lateran pacts. By 1929, Pope Pius XI had become suspicious of the entire fascist movement. He saw clearly enough its danger for the Church in Italy, and did not hesitate to make his misgivings known. Then, in the late summer of 1926, an opportunity came his way. The fascists offered to put an end to the Roman Question. There was a world of prestige to be gained by them in settling the problem. The Pope knew how badly they wanted that glory.

He was willing to let them have their bubble, provided they gave him a concordat. That was the last thing in the world they desired, for a concordat would put down in black and white limitations upon their totalitarian state. They had to make a choice. In the end, they decided that a treaty was all-important.

Thereby the Pope got what he wanted. He got the fascist regime to commit itself to respect the freedom of the Church. And by that very concession, he secured from the fascists the implicit admission that they could no

longer claim to control the whole life of Italy, an admission counter to fascist social philosophy, an admission weakening the power of fascism.

The Lateran treaties are therefore not an alliance between the Vatican and fascist Italy. If they are anything at all, they are a hard bargain that the

Pope drove with Mussolini whereby the late Duce promised to keep his hands off the Church. How sincere Mussolini was at the time is an open question. But for ten years thereafter the thunders of Pius sounded down from the Vatican whenever Mussolini tried to forget what he had pledged.



Gacho Ball Game

By RICHARD T. TURNER

Condensed from the *Inter-American**

Basketball on horseback

El pato is as Argentine as baseball is North American or cricket is English. Originated by the wild-riding, knife-wielding *gauchos* who had the vast, treeless *pampas* for a playing field, the game has been scaled down in size and violence to fit into a society which doesn't like to lose husbands, fathers, or brothers as a result of an afternoon's sport. Even in its modern, denatured version, however, *el pato* is a bruising pastime in which well-mounted, 200-pound huskies struggle furiously for possession of a ball, frequently rolling horse and rider on the hoof-pounded turf.

In old days, around the 18th century, the ball was made by sewing a cooked duck inside stout rawhide. Around the somewhat shapeless ball, four strong rawhide loops were stitched. This contraption, called *el pato* (the duck), had

to be strong enough to withstand the strain of three or four powerful *gauchos* tugging at it until they dragged each other from their saddles.

The point of the game was to get the duck. Whenever a *gaucho* got his hands on the *pato* the others would tear after him. Sometimes the chase lasted for miles before he was caught and lost the ball after a stiff scuffle. At times the *gauchos* did not give up easily, and the issue was decided with *facones*, the *gauchos'* long, silver-handled knives.

When the most courageous or best mounted *gaucho* at last succeeded in getting and keeping the *pato*, he headed for the nearest ranch house. The duck was merely a token of a well-won victory which had to be celebrated. Beef, lamb, and mutton were roasted to feed the lusty players. While the

*1625 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, 9, D. C. June, 1945.

feast was being prepared, invitations were sent to women on neighboring ranches to join the festivities. Then they feasted and danced till dawn.

For hard-riding *gauchos* of the great *pampas*, who lived in the saddle, *el pato* was an ideal game. It was perfectly suited to men whose success in life largely depended on horsemanship. To be able to stick on a horse under great difficulties marked a he-man. *El pato* helped make daring, resourceful fighters on horseback. But so many were injured in the tough game and so many feuds started between neighbors that Rosas, the dictator who ruled Argentina for 20 years, finally banned the sport. He wanted his men to fight his enemies instead of each other.

Not until 1938 was *el pato* again played in Argentina. The government of the province of Buenos Aires was persuaded to lift the ban on condition that the brutal test of strength be humanized and the game played as an organized sport. It has since become one of the country's favorites, with standard rules.

Instead of the expansive *pampas*, the men now play on a field half the size of a polo field, approximately 100 by 200 yards. At each end an upright ring or basket, a little over a yard in diameter, is supported vertically on a post so that the center of the net is a little over 11 feet high. The *pato* is a strong, inflated leather ball, slightly smaller than a basketball, encircled with three strips of rawhide to which six strong handles, or grips, of the same material are fastened.

Each team is composed of four players, the first three of whom are the forwards. The players dress in brightly colored shirts with the insignia of their club on the chest and individual numbers on the back. Instead of breeches they use white *bombachas*, loose-fitting *gaucho* trousers. Some teams top the costume with a rakish beret. A stout crop and spurs without rowels are the only equipment. Instead of light polo ponies, the heavier jumper type is used, for these husky athletes are built like professional football players.

The teams line up at either end of the stands. A blast from the referee's whistle announces the preliminary—a thrilling test of horsemanship and skill to determine the choice of goals. An expectant hush falls on spectators. The first player comes on at full gallop down the field towards the *pato* lying on the ground. As the rider tears by the stands, he leans far out of the saddle and snatches the leather ball off the ground. The stands break out in a hearty round of applause. The rider accomplishes his difficult feat by grasping a flexible braided cord on the saddle horn and anchoring his heel on the opposite side by a leather hook built into the saddle. Each player takes a turn, and the team scoring the highest number of pick-ups chooses goal.

The game is on! The three forwards face their opposites at a distance of 13 feet between teams and seven feet between players. The referee tosses the ball in the center between the teams and the excitement begins. In a flash a red-shirted player has grabbed the

pato and dashes down the field toward the goal. But after only 50 yards he is intercepted by a hard-riding, green-shirted opponent. He is forced to pass the ball. Leaning out of the saddle, he hurls it to a teammate 25 yards away. The latter deftly catches the ball by the leather handle, cuts back, and tries to elude his opponent. He, too, finds himself surrounded, and is forced to make a pass. However, a green opponent covers his man so well that he rides up just in time to snatch the *pato* in mid-air before it falls into the hands of a red player.

Now the greens organize their strategy to work down-field toward their goal. No. 1 carries the ball, while Nos. 2 and 3 ride guard at some distance on either side. No. 4 plays back in defense. Should an adversary come within range, the ball carrier must offer the *pato* with outstretched right hand, giving his opponent opportunity to grasp it.

But look! A red player in hot pursuit gains on the green-shirted ball carrier until he is abreast of him, then grabs the proffered ball. Now comes one of the most thrilling moments of the game. It is called the *cinchada*, or tug-of-war. The opponents are yanking vigorously on opposite sides of the ball, each trying to wrest it from the other. Soon a red player comes to help his teammate by encircling him firmly around the waist with an iron-muscled arm. Just as quickly, a green player puts an equally muscular arm around his partner's midriff to keep him from being dragged from the saddle. Small

wonder that it takes a powerful physique to play this game.

A player may not come between opponents in the *cinchada*, but he may help his teammate by pulling on one of the ball's free handles. If a player falls while in the *cinchada*, he releases his hold on the ball; if he is hurt, play stops. If both opponents fall in the tug-of-war, the referee stops play, and after drawing up the teams, face to face, throws the ball to start a new play.

Green now has the ball. He races down the field only a neck ahead of his pursuers. One feels the thrill of pounding hoofs. Green makes a beautiful pass to a fellow player who has ridden free of his red opponent. But he is hard pressed by two reds on his heels. With a mighty swing, he rises in his saddle and heaves the ball toward the basket. Perfect! The ball sails straight into the net for the first score of the game, as thousands of green rooters let go a thunderous cheer.

If no player succeeds in catching the ball at the tossup and it touches the ground, the referee stops play. The last player touching the ball and causing it to fall loses his right to it, and the referee again lines up the players and passes it directly to a member of the other team. If the ball is then dropped, however, it may be recovered by any player.

A player out of bounds loses the ball to an opponent, who throws it in, after both teams have lined up. If the player fails to catch the ball, it is then tossed up between the teams by the referee.

A player may not be interfered with

while recovering the ball from the ground. He recovers on the right side of the horse without slackening speed. He may not stop over the ball.

A player may lean his horse against the shoulder of his opponent's horse if in line with his opponent, and may force his horse against his opponent on either side. He is forbidden to push with head, hand, forearm, or elbow, or to grab or strike his opponent. He may push with his body, provided he keeps his elbow at the waist.

If the ball falls while being passed, any player may recover it from the saddle, but if two players attempt simultaneously, the referee stops play to avoid a mixup. Then he tosses the ball between them. No two players may ride interference for their ball carrier. He must ride in the open, and

either pass the ball, or offer it to an adversary by holding it out at arm's length. Failure to do one or the other is a foul, and costs him possession of the ball. Here again the referee draws up the two teams on the spot where play was stopped, and tosses the ball to a player on the other team.

Riding across an opponent's course or blocking him is against the rules. The game has four ten-minute periods, with a five-minute rest between. Infractions are penalized by granting the other team free throws to the basket from either the five-meter or eight-meter line, depending upon the gravity of the foul.

And thus *el pato* has been reborn. Argentine youths skilled in polo have rediscovered a game deeply rooted in their native soil.



Flights of Fancy

Her dead-white screaming hands.—*Eddie Doherty.*

As masculine as a fireman's suspenders.—*Christopher Morley.*

As foolish as a bird dog caught chasing field mice.—*Marjorie K. Rawlings.*

Man, the strange creature, throws hot lead at his fellow man and peanuts to squirrels.—*Boston Globe.*

Far away the guns sounded like hills rolling.—*Bruce Marshall.*

Her budding beauty was topped by a hat in full bloom.—*George W. Lyon.*

Sympathy is what one girl offers another in exchange for details.—*Luke McLuke.*

A prayer is the shortest distance between heaven and earth.—*Marguerite Ratty.*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$1 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

No Fun Anymore

By ANNE LOPEZ

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger**

Sometimes I wish I were ten years old again. I am only ten years older now, but the years have changed many things. I was *completely* happy then; I am only happy now.

I was born in what was then Little Italy, in Buffalo's lower West Side, a big district, sprawling and dirty, right in the heart of Buffalo. Its boundaries held the Peace bridge, Front park, the Civic Center, with its city hall and other buildings, none appreciated for their cultural values.

Probably it was because of their nearness. The easiest way to the shopping district was the Civic Center, the coldest spot in Buffalo in winter. The city hall served us as a windbreaker: we went in the back door, came out the front, leaving half the windy way behind. It was just the place for kids to play. I still remember the first penny I won for walking up the most flights of stairs without a rest. When we looked less destructive, the elevator operators let us ride. It was easier, but it spoiled our game. So we found other places to play.

For grownups, the big building was just a nice thing to look at at night when office lights were going out. In summer its shade was felt for blocks around. It made a striking contrast to the full clotheslines stretched across tenement-house porches just beyond.

There are no tenement houses now.

I remember walks along the crowded streets filled with noisy children eating onion sandwiches. I never liked onions, so Mom always gave me buttered bread, or hot bread right from the oven, covered with olive oil, and sprinkled with salt and hot pepper. Children are not allowed to eat out of doors anymore.

There was always the too familiar smell of wine and garlic and tomatoes. In the fall, we used to earn a penny, and sometimes a nickel, helping unload a ton or more of grapes. We ate all we wanted. The aroma of fresh wine could be smelled for months, and the bushels of skins would lie out near the curb waiting for the garbage men to pick them up. They weren't supposed to pick up the heavy bushels, but a bottle of wine never failed. The men don't make wine anymore.

The assorted smells of the canning season were always in competition with the nicer aroma of wine. Most canning was done in the clean cellars. The women used to sit in the yard with a bushel of tomatoes or peaches beside them. The skins, too, lay at the curb for pickup until a bottle of wine did the trick. All the family helped with canning except father, who was making his wine and could not be bothered with feminine tasks.

*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, 10, Ohio. July, 1941.

Motorists used to glance over and laugh at the boards of tomato paste left out to dry. The same persons came back and offered to buy the finished sauce. Many times I sat down to supper across from people never seen before the meal. All went away with their money, a spaghetti dinner under their belts, and the recipe for the delicious dish. The women don't make sauce anymore.

A few months ago my school friends and I went out for a spaghetti dinner. I was the only one of Italian descent among them, and the only one who didn't finish up the plate. I seldom eat spaghetti anymore, but when I do, I miss my mother's sauce. No one can make it as she used to.

There are too many old stout Italians today. Too many diabetics. Too much spaghetti. Too much starch. The meals are not the same. The women do not make their own bread.

During summer evenings, all the neighbors would be sitting in their doorways and talking about the small things in life. No worries, no distracting thoughts occupied their minds. What was going around outside was not their concern. It was a rich life lived for the day, with a thrifty slant at the future.

Mealtime was a picnic. Too hot in the houses, the meal would be served in the yard or on the porch. If we kids didn't want to go home, we ate next door. We'd get macaroni and meatballs anyway, so it didn't make too much difference where we ate.

Often, after the supper dishes were

washed, the whole neighborhood had a good time. Mr. Bacigalupo and his three sons would play their guitars and sing. Soon, someone would sit in with an accordion and another with a banjo. The old folks would sing the old Italian songs we loved so well.

I remember when Pietro first came to live among us. He was just nine when his parents brought him from Italy. His rich, high soprano sang out over the still houses every night. Passersby and motorists would stop to listen. Pietro liked me right from the start. He treated me to an ice-cream cone the day after I knocked him down and cut his lip. We don't sing anymore at night.

The other day an ambulance took Mr. Mazarella to the hospital. The old man is the grandfather of 22 children, yet he always had room in his heart for all of us. I can still remember the Saturday-night feasts in his yard when I was a young girl. He would kill a pig or a goat, and at night would treat the entire neighborhood to a barbecue or to *stigoli*. All of us used to watch the slaughtering even though it made us a little sick. One day he let me throw a pan of blood down the drain, and I boasted about it for days.

The *stigoli* tasted better than hot dogs. As we grew older, we discovered they were made of bread stuffings, eggs, celery, parsley, and hamburger, spiced with salt and pepper, and stuffed in goat guts. They tasted delicious when roasted over an open grill and eaten in a bun. We don't have those anymore.

The night the crowd went out for spaghetti, I took my friends home, so I could drop off my schoolbooks. Since it was quite a dark night, one of the girls said, kiddingly but truthfully, "I'd hate to walk alone down one of these streets. Nice place for a murder."

It was a nice neighborhood when I was little. People who didn't see it that way looked down on the place. It was a favorite spot for newspaper photographers to show how the other side of the city was living. It is true that ten murders were committed in ten years, all unsolved. But the persons killed were strangers, by chance among us when their sins caught up with them. The police closed the cases, with "unsolved" written on each.

The depression hit us hard and below the belt. The majority were affected in some great way. Most of the men had been common day laborers who worked for a measly few dollars to keep their families together. Deprived of even this, they suffered the humiliation of having their names on relief rolls. What the welfare did was not enough. The corner grocer, Mr. Runfola, pulled everyone through. It was only his great faith in his own kind that made those years endurable.

The welfare women didn't understand the problems. One day Mary Lombardi asked for some blankets for the children and was surprised when the worker went into the bedroom and counted the blankets on the bed. The next day, in the next house, she found only one thin blanket on each bed, and so it went in all the houses. From that

day on, the social workers missed the hot cup of coffee in each house. We are not a forgetting people.

The school I attended was just like any other public school. It was one of my early teachers who told me to fight for what I wanted, and not to stop until I got it. I practice that today. I remember my schooldays well, and especially the trouble. The principal liked me, and I didn't mind going to his office for punishment. It got so that the teachers did the punishing themselves instead of sending bad children to the office.

Miss Moran was a funny teacher, I thought. She was too temperamental to be a teacher; couldn't keep from losing her temper, especially when she threw a book at me when I had that argument with Joe Biondi. I had a lot of nerve then, and I picked up the book and threw it right back. I laugh when I think of it, and also the time when Miss Tierney, the sewing instructor, wanted to slap me because I said I knew more about her personal life than I did about sewing. She didn't like that and neither did Mr. Snively, but he saw my point of view and refused to expel me, especially since graduation was less than two months away. He was kind and said I didn't have to go to sewing class anymore.

Graduation night came, and I was extremely happy when I read the superintendent's letter. All of us were Italian kids except two. The next day we returned to school to get autographs, and learned the principal was leaving. The girls all cried, but I was

too hard to cry in public. I cried at home that night.

The school has changed little since then. There are the same teachers, the same names repeated, but a lot more than two strange names now. The Irish and Germans are slowly moving back into the neighborhood they were pushed out of a short 50 years ago.

We entered high school with our parents' blessing. That was the first mistake. The crowd that entered high school the year before and after me were of the third and fourth children of our parents. Our older brothers and sisters had gone through life and grammar school closely supervised by immigrant parents. There were ways then of keeping them out of high schools to earn for the family. Most never had a good time, got married early, and took on responsibilities when they were only 17 or 18.

My generation, the third and fourth and later children started the change. We were kept in school because our parents were beginning to see the world. Unhampered by babies, they were free to go to movies and hear music. They wanted the same things for their children, and they gave them rather free reign.

The children met others of different nationalities, different social status, different ideals and customs, and slowly

but surely we changed. We wanted to give up the life we all loved and become part of the modern generation. The girls used lipstick at an age never before allowed, and they had boy friends, and had parties, all without emotional involvements. They had fun.

We all know too well how Mussolini stabbed France in the back. That was the second mistake. We Italian kids defeated ourselves. I still have the clipping of a famous columnist who stated at that time the Italians were the most hated people on earth. I was then in my third year of high school. The other students joked about it, but we took it seriously. We were ashamed of being "wops." There were arguments in all the Italian homes; parents and children, each with different views, each with different loves.

My neighborhood has changed. There are no more Italian papers. The old men do not gather as they did and talk about the heroics of Mussolini. They are ashamed. There is no more music at night. The boys have grown up and are in the service. The old people stay home nights. There are no neighborhood feasts. Meat is too expensive and scarce. The fun has all gone. Italian is not spoken even in the homes. The children can't speak it, and don't understand it. The parents speak broken English. The old folks are sad.

Notoriously Absent

What's all this talk about no atheists in foxholes? I guess you won't find any in delivery rooms, either.

Arthur Hopkins in *Your Life* (Nov. '44).

The ABC of Labor Unions

By LEO C. BROWN, S.J.

Condensed from an address*

What the young worker should know

Every young industrial worker should know that collective bargaining is an integral part of our national labor policy. The National Labor Relations Act is a concrete manifestation of the intention of Congress to promote labor organizations and collective bargaining through such organizations. Most young industrial workers employed in manufacturing, transportation, communication, and trade are going to find a union in the establishment in which they take employment. Some young workers will be required, others strongly urged, others merely invited to take union membership. The high-school graduate should be prepared for this situation.

The young industrial worker should know something about the structure of the labor movement. He should know, for instance, that an individual joins not the AF of L or the CIO, but some autonomous national union which may itself be federated with the American Federation of Labor or the Congress of Industrial Organizations. If the young worker takes employment in a steel plant, he or she will undoubtedly join the United Steelworkers of America, a member of the CIO. If he operates a drill press in a machine shop, he may join the International Association of Machinists, a member of the AF of L. He may perhaps join one of the Broth-

erhoods of operating railway employees, or the United Mineworkers of America, or some of the telephone workers' unions, which are nonaffiliated organizations.

The union, however, with which he will have most immediate contact is the local organization of the international union. This local will have a president, secretary, and treasurer, and, if financially able, a business representative. This business representative is a paid official who keeps in touch with all establishments under contract with the local union and holds conferences with their managements relative to the observance of the collective-bargaining agreement and other matters of interest to the union's membership. Moreover, in each establishment under union agreement there will be a shop committee composed of stewards from each of the major departments.

A shop steward will probably be the first union official to meet the new employee. He will probably suggest or, if the agreement permits it, require, that the new employee make out an application for union membership and make arrangements for payment of an initiation fee. He will inform the employee of time and place of union meetings, and amount of monthly dues. If the union has a voluntary check-off agreement with the management, he

*Before the Vocational Guidance Association in St. Louis, Mo. Jan. 17, 1945.

will probably urge the new employee to sign a card which authorizes the management to deduct the union dues from his wages. He will represent the employee in all disputes with foremen which involve an interpretation or application of the collective-bargaining agreement. The new employee should understand that in all establishments covered by the National Labor Relations Act in which a union has an official status, the right and duty of the union to represent him in matters covered by the collective-bargaining agreement have been established by the law of the land.

The young employee should have information about the more common categories of union status, and know the obligations each imposes upon him with respect to union membership. In a closed shop, for example, union membership may be required as a prior condition of employment. In such shops only union members may be employed. In a union shop, on the other hand, the employer is free to hire nonunion employees, but employees are required to join the union at the end of a 30 to 90-day probationary period, and, thereafter, to keep in good standing. In most establishments in which a young worker is likely to find employment, the collective-bargaining agreement provides for maintenance of union membership. In establishments covered by such agreements new employees are not required to join and may not be coerced into joining the union. However, membership once taken must be retained by an employee

for the duration of the collective-bargaining agreement.

Other shops may be in the process of being organized. In such establishments different unions will solicit the new employee's allegiance. If the establishment is covered by the National Labor Relations Act, the employee may be given an opportunity to express his preference by secret ballot. For some employees, the opportunity to vote in a National Labor Relations Board election may be their first important exercise of a democratic prerogative. The vote may be important, and choice should be based upon the best information available about the contending unions and their ability effectively to represent the sound interests of employees.

Obviously the teacher handling these subjects should have some knowledge of labor law and should be reasonably well versed in the theory and history of the labor movement and the regulations of local labor unions. Information on labor law and the labor movement is available in a wide variety of university programs. Most universities, in the departments of economics and elsewhere, offer courses on the history of the labor movement, industrial relations, and labor law. Much information about local labor unions is available at the unions' offices; unions are quite willing to give copies of their constitutions, bylaws, and labor agreements to any person having a legitimate interest in them.

Any course dealing with labor unions may easily become a center of

controversy. It need not, however. Labor unions exist. They are important institutions. General public policy with respect to labor unions is a matter of law. If the teacher deals with the sub-

ject in an objective and factual manner there should be no reasonable grounds for objection from business associations, labor unions, or any other section of the community.



Internment in the Philippines

Airborne Rosary

By ROBERT F. McKEE, C.S.C.

Condensed from the *Ave Maria**

We were in Manila aboard ship the morning of Dec. 8, feast of the Immaculate Conception. We had just celebrated our Masses in our ship's lounge room — five Holy Cross priests whose destination was Akyab, Burma; and all of us, including five Holy Cross Brothers and six Holy Cross Sisters, were making plans for the day. A passing sailor thrust a newspaper into my hands, with the remark, "We're in it now."

The captain immediately ordered all passengers ashore to find a place to live; the port area was dangerous, subject to bombing at any time.

Late in the afternoon, we tried the Jesuit house in the Walled City, and from there some of us were directed to their large college, Ateneo de Manila, which was to be our home for a long time. And a home it really was. We were welcomed with open arms and treated as members of their own family. The nuns also found homes,

some with the Maryknoll Sisters, others with the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

By eight o'clock we were finally settled, weary from excitement, grateful to our Lady to have found shelter. About two o'clock we were shaken out of sleep by sharp explosions and the noise of diving planes. So we went to the cellar shelter. It was a surprise attack on Nichol's Field, four miles south. For the first time we were hearing the thunder of real warfare.

After breakfast on Dec. 9, Father F. Julien, Father Decoteau, both LaSalette missionaries, and Father Lawyer, C.S.C., and I were assigned to Philippine General Hospital, to administer to the wounded and dying victims of the indiscriminate bombing. Here we worked until a couple of days before Manila was occupied by the Japanese. Apart from the spiritual helps we were able to give, we were grateful to have something to do. We learned to know

*Notre Dame, Ind., June 23, 1945.

and love the Filipinos. The faith and courage of the patients, the ceaseless devotion of doctors and nurses instilled a deep admiration in us, and proved the sincere loyalty of those people to their native land and to ours.

We anxiously followed the news from day to day, awaiting the announcement of reinforcements from the U. S. As Christmas drew near we learned from visiting Army chaplains that MacArthur's boys were holding their own, that surely help was close at hand. Then Manila was declared an open city. This was the first hint that events were not too favorable for us. Finally, on Christmas, we received the news that the Japanese could be expected in Manila any day. Radio announcers and newspapers urged us to be calm, not to show the least sign of resistance to the incoming troops. On the morning of Jan. 3 we saw the first Japanese soldiers, standing guard at the main gate of the college.

From Jan. 3, 1942, until July 8, 1944, the Ateneo was the internment camp for the Jesuits and us. Those years are a story of patient waiting for Uncle Sam. As the news of each new landing reached us we attempted to estimate how long it would take the boys to get to us. Some advanced the possibility that we might be by-passed, that our liberation might only be brought about by the surrender of Japan. Whatever might be the plans of our Army and Navy leaders, we hopefully checked off Christmas, 1942, as our last under the Japanese; then Christmas, 1943. Surely, we felt, it couldn't last much

beyond that. Then 1944 rolled on slowly. On July 8 we were convinced events were coming to a head. On that day we were ordered to pack and report at the main internment camp, the University of Santo Tomas, the next morning. We did; in the evening we were told we would be transported next day to Los Banos agricultural college, 40 miles south of Manila.

At two A.M. we were roused, herded into Army trucks and driven through a downpour to the railroad station. We were placed under a heavy guard on a southbound train; sat on wooden benches an hour before the train started. At ten o'clock we arrived at the station of Los Banos.

For a couple of months we were to be separated by a fence from those who already were living at Los Banos, for what reason we never knew. By that time we had learned never to seek reasons. Our portion of the camp was dubbed Vatican City by those in the other part of the compound. Vatican City housed two bishops, 123 priests, 32 Jesuit scholastics, 26 Brothers, and 150 Sisters, besides 195 Protestant missionaries. The apostolic delegate sent in a document making the camp a diocese under Bishop Jurgens of Tuguegarao as our Ordinary. Daily Masses and afternoon Rosary and Benediction were to be our greatest comfort and source of hope during the dark days ahead. (We had to ration Mass wine very strictly. Five of us priests got along on one quart for seven months, by measuring it with an eye dropper—15 drops for each Mass.)

The camp was managed by a central committee of Americans, elected by ourselves. Each barracks chose a monitor to represent the members in drawing up the legislation necessary for the smooth running of the compound. Of course, everything was subject to approval of the Japanese commandant. All business with the Japanese was done through our central committee, and through this committee all Japanese regulations were published and enforced.

We were interned here for eight months; the principal source of trouble was the food problem. In the mornings we received a corn-rice mush with coconut milk, and at times coconut gratings. At noon and in the evening, steamed rice was usual, with either meat or vegetable stew. In August we received a cut in our meals, from three a day to two. We prayed to our Lady for aid. Shortly after the feast of her Assumption, relief came in the form of packages from the Chaplains' Aid Society in Manila. This society, a group of splendid Filipino girls, did a great deal for us and for those in other internment camps.

In November we were placed on a starvation diet. Every person received two small scoops of watery mush in the morning, and one scoop of steamed rice, fortified with a thin vegetable stew, in the evening. At times a pig was slaughtered to give the broth a meat flavor. During that month we rapidly lost weight and strength. On Nov. 30 we began a novena for relief to our Lady, to end on the feast of her Immac-

ulate Conception. Our prayers were answered. On Dec. 15 the Chaplains' Aid Society was permitted to bring in packages. And our daily food ration was increased. We began to regain our strength.

Rumor had it that comfort kits were expected at Christmas. Then an official announcement came that no packages had arrived in the Philippines, and none need be expected. (We wondered where the Japanese guards got their American cigarettes and sturdy new shoes.) In spite of this disappointment, our Christmas was not unhappy.

January brought us hope. American planes flew over almost daily, operating from Leyte. We knew our forces were getting closer to Luzon. Then, on Jan. 7, our Japanese commandant mysteriously freed us. The Japanese left the camp, turning it over to us completely. We were advised not to leave the grounds before our troops arrived. The American flag flew over the camp. Food poured in. A hidden radio was quickly produced, and San Francisco gave us much longed-for news. We learned of the landing on Luzon in Lingayan bay.

The joy was too comforting to last long. The morning of the 14th found a depressed group of Americans, with the return of the Japanese commandant and his entire staff. They told us their mission had been successfully completed, that they had returned to take over the camp to *protect* us once more. We did not dare laugh.

On the evening of Feb. 22, American planes strafed and bombed a sector.

northwest of the camp. Planes had shot up near-by points many times, but the business had been finished in a few minutes. But this was heavy, concentrated stuff, lasting half an hour. The atmosphere in the camp that night was charged with excitement. The Japanese canceled the customary seven-o'clock roll call. That was significant.

Most of us had finished our Masses by 6:45 the next morning. We were in our barracks awaiting roll call. At seven we heard the planes. Out of the North they roared, nine of them in V-formation, flying low and directly for the camp. As they approached a hill near us they turned slightly east. On the side of one of the planes, in huge letters, was the word RESCUE. Those who saw began to shout. Their shouts turned into mad cheers and screams at what followed. Against the golden early morning sky we watched some 130 parachutes opening and sweeping down. American paratroopers! I will not describe the hysteria. But we became subdued. We reflected that the Japanese might turn on us if we made any demonstration.

Almost simultaneously, shots rang out through the camp. We dropped to the floor. Who were shooting? The paratroopers were still in the air. Had the Japanese turned their guns on us? The shots were multiplied. Bullets whistled through the grass-walled barracks, knocking dishes off shelves, hitting bedposts. Planes dove close overhead spitting lead. We were reciting the Rosary. Through the din a voice sang out at the entrance of our barracks,

"Any Japs in there?" Our Americans were come! At 7:20 the firing ceased. It was all over. The Japanese, 243 in all, had been killed. Not a single American life was lost. (Later two soldiers died from wounds.) The shots heard at the start of the battle had been fired by Americans and Filipinos who had hid during the night behind the hills west of us. Their signal for attack was the parachutes in the air. They never gave the Japanese time to turn their guns on us. When the last of the enemy was dead, soldiers came running.

Some of us got into the amtracs and were driven to Laguna de Bay, three miles east of Los Banos; the remainder shouldered bags and hiked. We were urged to hurry. Why? We were to learn later. Weak, grimy, and hungry, we gladly bore the difficulties of the march, for we were marching to freedom. We came to the beach at 11 o'clock and were picked up by the amtracs which had delivered the first group to a point about ten miles north on the lake, near Cubio. By three in the afternoon we were all assembled at this same point. From there, Army trucks took us on to Montinglupa prison, where for the first time in three years we were under the mighty Stars and Stripes.

Then only did we learn what had actually occurred. The soldiers had gone 25 miles into Japanese territory to rescue us. Besides that, they knew of a garrison of Japanese, about 2,000, who might have organized to reach Los Banos in five or six hours. That is why we were told to hurry.

We were free at last, a short distance

south of Manila. In the evening of that memorable day I was talking with one of the paratroopers who had rescued us. He asked me to what Congregation I belonged. I told him Holy Cross. He put out his hand, saying, "Jack Finneran. I got out of Notre Dame in '33." Jack is a real soldier, a real man. We remained at Montinglupa until March 10 regaining strength on good Army food. We will never forget the kind

treatment by our boys and by the men and women of the Red Cross.

On the morning of the 10th, 350 of us were transported by air to Leyte, where we were joined by some internees from Santo Tomas. There we were processed by C. I. C. men just prior to sailing. GI clothing was issued for the voyage. And finally, on the 20th, we sailed out into the Pacific: 800 internees and 900 troops.



Conclave

In 1268 A.D. when Pope Clement IV died, 17 Cardinals met to choose a successor but could not reach a decision. Prior to this time there had never been a "conclave" as we know it today. The electors were accustomed to assemble every morning in some church to cast their votes. If they were in Rome, they voted in St. Peter's; elsewhere, in the local cathedral. Things dragged on at Viterbo a year, and then two years, and still no Pope was elected.

Finally the enraged people of Viterbo took things into their own hands. They shut the Cardinals in the Bishop's residence, and placed guards at the doors. This was the origin of the office of Marshals of the Conclave. The rough treatment accorded the Cardinals had no immediate results. Two became seriously ill, but still they dallied. Exasperated, the people imposed severe measures on the Cardinals in conclave. The roof was removed from the Bishop's residence, and a diet of

bread and water served to those imprisoned within. Promptly, Theobald Visconti was elected, and took the name Gregory X.

To prevent such delays in future, it was decreed in the Council of Lyons that the Cardinals should convene within ten days in the place where the Pope had died. There the election should proceed, and those taking part were to be shut away from the world. If they failed to arrive at an election after the first three days, the food was to be reduced by half. If they failed to reach a decision in the next five days, they were to receive bread and water. Each Cardinal was to have one servant (two if necessary). They were to live a common life within the conclave and have no relations with the outside world.

This wise legislation was published by Pope Gregory X in the bull *Ubi Periculum* and today remains as the basis of the present conclave system.

The Punishment of Germany

By FRANK H. HANKINS

Condensed from the *Progressive**

Dr. Hankins, who is professor of sociology at Smith College, is an outstanding authority on race and race problems. He has expressed his views in magazine articles and books; the latter include *The Racial Basis of Civilization*, *Biology in Human Affairs*, and *Contemporary Social Theory*.

The time demands a peace made for the long view, not one based on wartime hates and revenge. We must rid ourselves of war-bred stereotypes. To establish an objective frame of mind toward Germany while atrocity evidences are so fresh and while we are still fighting the Japanese will be difficult. It is necessary, however, because adoption of policies toward Germany cannot wait until the Pacific war is ended and our initial policies set the stage for subsequent developments.

German rehabilitation is necessary for rehabilitation of Europe, and the latter for world reorganization. The speedy restoration of Germany to industrial prosperity is one of the surest safeguards against bolshevization of all central Europe. Our own postwar prosperity and that of Britain likewise depend in some measure on the same policy, because Germany was for decades our second greatest market and Britain's third, while German industry was basic to the prosperity of Europe.

Vengeance towards Germany in the midst of a Europe reduced to an indescribable shambles would force the

The wisdom of forbearance

entire continent into the Russian orbit. While we are setting up policies of repression and nonfraternization in Germany, the Russians, though doubtless liquidating all potential resisters of Soviet domination, are systematically cultivating German good will. The political alignments of Russia are not governed by past fears and hates, but by present and future advantages. An alignment of Germany with Russia would effectively and irreparably upset the balance of the world and shake the influence of the western nations.

It is absolutely essential, therefore, that we rapidly liquidate war-fomented sentiments and replace them by a calm analysis of where our future, long-view interests lie. To this end it is necessary to exercise more objectivity toward war atrocities than has recently been done by our official and unofficial propaganda agencies. One need not doubt the validity of what the pictures show: as fiendish, premeditated and systematic cruelty as was ever perpetrated in modern times on so vast a scale. But now that the war in Europe is over, we must strive for understanding as the only justifiable basis for intelligent action.

Many theories have been advanced to account for the systematic and excessive brutalities and for failure of the

*Tennery Building, Madison, 3, Wis. June 23, 1945.

saner population to protest them. The atrocities were, for the most part, committed against German and Polish citizens, Jews, communists, Social Democrats, liberals and pacifists. Reports indicate that, again for the most part, American and British prisoners of war fared moderately well. However, explanation does not wipe the slate clean. The following considerations are advanced solely to promote a calm frame of mind toward the almost overwhelming problems confronting us in Europe.

First, we must reject the view that the atrocities were due to some special inherent evil in the German people. Nor will any of the psychological or psychiatric theories apply to the whole nation, however aptly they may fit Hitler and some henchmen. Voluminous and labored efforts to explain the brutalities as due to elements of German tradition — like Lutheranism, the idealistic theory of the state, romanticism, Nietzscheanism — lose most of their force in consequence of similar activities all over eastern Europe.

Secondly, wholesale liquidation is a totalitarian device. Before Hitler, the Russians had set up the models and, especially in the elimination of 3 to 7 million Kulaks, had established the grand scale of operations. Naziism elevated to power many of the least cultured elements. It was a revolution of the *Untermenschen*. It represented a seizure of power by strong-arm methods in the midst of world depression and vast internal stress.

We shall probably never know what per cent of the population supported

Hitler after he seized power, but Rudolph Heberle, formerly professor at Kiel and now at Louisiana State university, finds (*Journal of Politics*, Feb., 1943) that in the July elections of 1932 Hitler gained an absolute majority (51%) of the total vote in only one election district in the entire Reich. This in spite of political techniques, from bludgeon to idealistic appeals, that make Huey Long and Boss Hague look like pikers.

Totalitarianism requisitions the total man. Totalitarianism is war; war by a political party against the rest of the nation's population; most victims of nazi atrocities, hundreds of thousands, were Germans. Checked neither by law nor consideration of human rights, it is political power, driving toward its own extension by destruction and intimidation, using mass methods in a technological age.

We often hear the query, "Why did the good Germans, if there were any, not protest against the atrocities of the camps?" The answer seems clear: they had been taught by the nazi regime of terror that protest was useless and fatal. Even in 1936, when I spent four months in Berlin, the atmosphere was ominous with dread.

There was almost universal popular yearning for peace; and peace was repeatedly promised by nazi leaders. Behind closed doors, however, one learned of the fear that gripped the hearts of sober-minded people as to what nazi policies portended. One doesn't openly criticize a government when there is a spy or informer in every apartment

house, and friends mysteriously disappear without due process of law.

It is as certain as anything can be that only a fraction of the population knew anything definite about the inner affairs of the camps or the human abattoirs. How could they? Pastor Niemöller, himself long in one of the camps, was horrified when shown pictures of the butcheries, of which he had known nothing. And how could those who did know and objected, organize an effective protest? At its height the nazi secret police numbered 900,000. The combination of totalitarian government and modern propaganda methods renders entire nations helpless in the hands of their rulers. Under such circumstances it is senseless to blame all Germans for sadistic excesses.

If attention is called to inhumanities committed by us we find they were "necessities of war." However, if the Pope and a British Archbishop repeatedly protest the wholesale slaughter of city-wide bombing, one can readily imagine that to the Germans and Japanese it appears as the apex of man's inhumanity to man. To be sure, they asked for it; we simply showed them how to do it on a truly magnificent scale with technical efficiency.

It is said that 300,000 civilians perished in a few hours in the Dresden holocaust. The new phosphorus bomb leaks down into cellars, caves, and dug-outs and burns 'em alive—truly a marvelous achievement of "civilization." One can scarcely imagine the tens of thousands of innocent and helpless

(many of them hating the nazis) who have suffered the tortures of the damned in those repeated holocausts on a scale never previously approached in human history. On balance, we have doubtless slaughtered our full share of innocents.

It is all too clear that chivalry is dead, while all history makes it abundantly clear that in times of deep crisis the commissar triumphs over the Yogi. Even Shaw, in the preface of his new work *On the Rocks*, advocates "killing as a political function"; and says that "if we desire a certain type of civilization and culture we must exterminate the sort of people who do not fit into it." Here is, indeed, a sovereign recipe for reaching Utopia.

War requires totalitarian psychology and methods and both war and totalitarianism destroy those virtues we commonly associate with civilized life. For this reason, all parties in this war, including ourselves, have been guilty of excesses of inhumanity impossible in days of peace.

One may, therefore, query whether the criminal trials now being prepared seem likely to aid in the reconstruction of a shattered world. The British had full knowledge of prewar atrocities in Germany through Sir Neville Henderson's *Papers Concerning Treatment of German Nationals in Germany*, but this information was kept secret to facilitate the appeasement policy. Similar data recently have been widely publicized to facilitate the war loan, a hard peace, and the trial of nazi criminals.

The experts are not agreed as to

whether any legal basis exists for such trials, or whether they will be real trials or kangaroo-court proceedings. Moreover, the situation is confused by the unilateral action of Russia. The latter will not proceed on the basis of some rationalization of "justice" or "the requirements of civilization"; she will promote her own interests. We cannot adopt her summary methods, but we can ponder some realistic questions.

Will the trials establish new, recognized principles of international law?

Will they teach nations never again to tolerate domination by political gangsters? Will they promote the moral regeneration of Germany?

Will they make wars less probable?

Will they promote better relations between Germany and ourselves?

Prof. Sheldon Glueck notes that the list of war crimes is the same now as after the first World War. Did failure to prosecute then have any effect in encouraging similar outrages in this war, either by Germans or others?

The answers to these and all similar queries is an unqualified No. In modern criminology punishment is not regarded as an effective deterrent to crime. Its effects in such complicated matters as national leadership and war must be negligible. Even the defeat of an entire nation, with the slaughter of millions of her people does not prevent her going to war again.

If making war, as George Bernard Shaw says, is no crime, it is questionable whether there is any law which makes it a crime to get rid of one's enemies by the quickest and most effi-

cient methods. Otherwise, how justify our own slaughter of women and children by the hundred thousands?

In the present situation we might well recall our own tragic handling of the South and her leaders after the Civil War. We tried a number of leaders; executed some; punished others. Did the South repent or remain "unreconstructed"? Did they hang their heads in shame, or make heroes of their martyrs?

Lincoln had sought a magnanimous peace; war-bred emotions insisted on a "victor's" peace. That generation remained unreconstructed.

Does anyone today feel that our failure to hang the Kaiser in 1919 was a miscarriage of justice or a political error? Or does anyone not feel that the lynching of Mussolini has left a dark blot on Italian culture? Obviously we cannot turn the leading nazis loose; but we can easily segregate them.

Along with them might well go the professional butchers who cannot be dealt with by the laws of the countries where they operated. But the trial of thousands of superpatriots for sporadic killings due to the excesses of wartime emotions will merely prolong hates, divert attention from the staggering problems of European salvage, and very probably create a new galaxy of German heroes.

Germany can easily go communist. She seems certain to do so unless reconstruction is speedy and effective. For our own welfare and that of western Europe we should take immediate steps to integrate her with the West.

Red China Today

By CORMAC SHANAHAN, C.P.

Stalin cracks the whip

Condensed from *The Sign** and the *China Monthly*†

There is a problem in China today: the Chinese communists. But Americans will never understand that problem until they realize the extent to which they have been victimized by partisan propaganda.

Little service is done the truth about China's internal cleavage by such reports as those of Brooks Atkinson, with his pronounced dislike for the Chinese government and his unfair criticism of it since General Stilwell's removal; nor by reports from the head of our OWI in Chungking, in copying down verbatim the radio propaganda in English of the communist station in Yen-an and sending it to Washington as factual news on China; nor by the book, *Report From Red China*, by my friend Harrison Forman, quoting the wonderful things the communists say of themselves. The month and a half Forman and I spent in Red China were a waste of time, if we merely repeat the wily communists' own propaganda boasts. We could have got that right in Chungking from the booklets Red headquarters distributed freely.

Actually, the problem created by the communist party with its supporting army is not as important in itself as friends of the Chinese communists would have us believe. According to figures given me by communist leaders, their party members total less than

one-fifth of 1% of China's population. The importance of the break between the few communists and the legitimate government comes from the resulting treatment of China by foreign powers.

The Border Region of Shensi-Kansu-Ningsia in Free China, with Yen-an as headquarters, is the only area that can be called Red China. This comprises 32 *hsien*, or counties, out of the 2,000 in all China. It is in this sector in the North that communists constitute the sole party, have their own government with bureaus of finance, education, industry, etc., their own banks, their own money, their own army. "We have more than 80,000 regular armed troops here," I was told by communists in Yen-an. This agrees substantially, not with the fantastic figures quoted by leftist propagandists in America, but with the "90,000, in round figures" estimated by Gen. Lo Tze-kai in Sian.

It must be remembered that outside Red China, communists are active in some guerrilla areas. Those are localized in country sections around Japanese positions in Japanese-occupied China. Here communists have infiltrated. In general, where guerrillas and their political commissars have usurped the sole armed leadership of the Chinese in harassing Japanese forces, those communists and the local people have found a common basis of united

**Union City*, N. J. July, 1945. †1819 Broadway, New York City, June, 1945.

action in defense against the Japanese.

In Red China or elsewhere, there is no area today where communist troops carry on a frontal war such as the war continually maintained by the Central Government forces since July of 1937. "In October, 1939," I was told by the communist Gen. Wang Cheng, "forces under my command were recalled from North China to Shensi." It was Mao Tse-tung, chairman and dictator of the Chinese communist party, who recalled them, against orders of the supreme military command of the National Military council. That was the end of the communists' true frontal warfare.

All the other foreign correspondents have in their notes, as I have in mine, the story that communist Gen. Wang Cheng told us. He related how in October, 1939, he was ordered to lead the men under him back from the North China front to Shensi and to establish there the "stationary soldier policy." Those strange orders came from Mao Tse-tung, China's communist leader, against the orders of the National Military council. The order to discontinue pay of those soldiers, however, was not issued by the National Military council until January, 1941. There has never been any blockade to stop them from going back to the front they deserted in obedience to Mao Tse-tung.

That is still the communist army situation in the Border Region, where all the party and army leaders are assembled. They allow the people no guns there. I saw nearly 40,000 of those people gathered at Yen-an on United

Nations day, mostly the People's Militia, armed only with short spears. The communist army had all the guns. In Japanese-occupied China, where the communists do not claim a party set-up but merely "anti-Japanese bases," the situation is different. There light guerrilla activity is carried on, but still no frontal warfare, as they admitted.

Even on the maps prepared by the communists themselves there are dotted areas of Japanese occupation along every railroad, large river route and motor highway, and around every large city. The communists have not held the enemy away from *any* important objective. The Japanese have *everything* they could desire there. They are not "immobilized," for they have been able to mobilize from there and bring other troops through to fronts where they were attacking the Central Government's forces. Those fronts did hold objectives of value to the Japanese.

Just as so much of Europe is forbidden territory to foreign correspondents, so Yen-an has been sealed off from the eyes of all outside observers, including news correspondents from other parts of Free China. The only time newspapermen were allowed in was when the Central Government arranged with Yen-an to allow 15 correspondents to enter as a group for a conducted tour. Of these, nine were Chinese. The foreign correspondents numbered six, including myself.

The others were Harrison Forman, representing the New York *Herald-Tribune* and some 15 other publica-

tions; Maurice Votaw, secretary of the Sino-American Institute of Cultural Relations, representing the *Baltimore Sun*; Nikolai Protsenko, head of the Tass News Agency in China; Gunther Stein, who represented the *Manchester Guardian* in England and the *Christian Science Monitor* in Boston; and Israel Epstein, representing the Associated Press and the *New York Times*. I was representing *The Sign* and the *China Correspondent*.

During our stay in Yen-an we visited the communists' factories, their Yen-an university, the high court, their medical college and hospital, their bank, and were shown their Border Region government. We had conferences with officials in each place.

But at no time were we free to move about individually or without a government guide. Each of us was given a special badge inscribed with "The Sino-Foreign Press Party." And without that badge we could go nowhere. Any place to which we were taken showed obvious signs of having been prepared.

Sometimes plans went awry and our tour could not be conducted according to schedule—as when on one of our excursions we unexpectedly arrived at the 718th Regiment barracks in Ma Fang. As we entered the gates, the hammer and sickle were right over the triangle of the arch, and on each gatepost was a large red star. In the dining hall there were three pictures, of Mao Tse-tung, head of the communist party; Gen. Chu Teh, head of the communist army; and Stalin.

On this occasion I first noticed that

Nikolai Protsenko of Tass was called privately for a conference with officials. This happened several times later. Most obviously the Russian correspondent could know things we shouldn't.

In traveling around Yen-an and environs, one of the things that struck us was the absolute lack of freedom of movement. A special road pass must be obtained each time a person wishes to leave his residential locality. One young man, escaping from his job on the communist paper, the *Liberation Daily*, was held in the custody of the Peace Preservation bureau for nine months. The only positive evidence against him was that he had no road pass.

Of course, other charges were made by the bureau. Such custody is without court trial. Only abject confession will bring the case to court. There is no trial in Red China without previous confession of guilt. We talked to this man in jail, but only in the presence of the high-court judge and other communist officials. Yet, even in their presence, he stated his ignorance of the other charges.

There is the case of an elderly Catholic priest, Father Thomas Liu Ju-jang. He had been arrested July 20, 1943, on suspicion, and charged with having a gun. Confession of his crime was of course impossible. If he confessed he would have had to give up a gun he had never had. Since he could not be brought to trial without confessing, he was held by the bureau at Sui Teh until he became sick and died in the beginning of January, 1944.

One notable omission in our round of sight-seeing was the political prisoners' camp at Hsiao Pien Ku. When I asked about visiting there, I was told it was "just a summer camp—nothing to see."

Nowhere did we find any evidence of freedom of speech or of the press. Information from the outside world is drastically suppressed. The communist party publishes the four-page *Liberation Daily*. This paper is for the masses. It is the most seditious sheet found in any country at war. It seems dedicated to the abuse of the national government at Chungking; to undermining the confidence of the common people in the government of China; to rejoicing over Japanese victories when the Chinese National Army is the victim; and to suppression of news. The people in Red China are kept in complete ignorance of even their own country.

During our stay in Yen-an we were taken for a long visit to the Hsin Hwa News Agency. They had 40 radio operators taking down dispatches of all the news-disseminating agencies of the world—Reuters, AP, UP, Tass, Domei, Central News Agency. It was a well-organized agency, but the news gathered is not for the people; nor for lesser communists either. It is printed in a paper called the *Communist Paper*, and marked "for filing and reference only." It goes only to the leading communists. Incidentally, no Chungking paper is permitted in Yen-an; but a communist paper is published in Chungking.

One day in Yen-an, I picked up on the hotel radio a resume from San Francisco of a speech Chiang Kai-shek made. That day there wasn't even a mention of the speech in the *Liberation Daily* (for the masses). I asked the head of the newspaper why. "Oh," he said, "we weren't able to get it." That same day the *Communist Paper* (for the inner communist circle), of which I managed to get a copy, carried the entire speech.

In Red China, there is a complete estrangement between the people and the communist rulers, in residence, in recreation; the rulers and the subdued. It is the only place in all China where people are afraid to talk, where they avoid a stranger instead of, as elsewhere, gathering around in curiosity and good humor. Spies are everywhere (I learned that in Yen-an alone the communists have four schools training more than 10,000 cadres, or spies); we were never unescorted.

Political freedom is as much denied as freedom of speech or travel. The communists call their system of government the "New Democracy." It has all the window dressing of democratic terminology. There is a "central governing body at Yen-an which unifies the executive, legislative, and judiciary," as Comrade Lo Mai, the secretary general of the government, told us. But the 18 members of this government committee were hand-picked by Chairman Mao Tse-tung and voted in unanimously. The same is true of the nine members of the standing committee of the People's Political Assembly.

What is the philosophy of government in Red China? "You can say that Marxism and Marxist methods are the basis of our educational system," we were told by Comrade Chao Yang, president of Yen-an university. This point was only accentuated when the interpreter (four of the foreign correspondents did not understand Chinese) tried to correct this slip from the new line of phraseology. He added in his translation, "At present we do not intend to carry out communism in China. So, in this university, the communist culture is not followed, but rather the New Democracy."

However, Mao Tse-tung himself told us, "Individualistic production is the basis of feudal rule and has plunged the peasantry into everlasting poverty and privation. The only way to overcome such a state is to pass gradually to collectivism." I was not surprised when visiting Mao Tse-tung (I had four interviews with him, personally) to see in his inner sanctum but one picture, Stalin's.

Naturally, I was intensely interested in the state of religion in Yen-an. It had once been a flourishing vicariate (diocese) with 18,000 Catholics; with a noble Gothic church within the walled city of Yen-an, and chapels in each of the larger towns of the area; with priests, foreign or native, in every town; with numerous Sisters, mostly Chinese.

I found that Mass had not been said in Yen-an for eight years.

No evidences of things Catholic remained, except the cathedral. This was

used as an assembly hall and theater for Yen-an university. The church within the walled city had been demolished. The communist leaders told me Japanese bombs destroyed it. I found out that, not Japanese bombs, but the communists themselves tore it down and used the material for their own buildings outside the walled city. The same is true of the Protestant church within the walled city. I found only a handful of Catholics remained in Yen-an, some 240. In the whole of Red China there is now not one church open, not one Sister, not one priest, except he work undercover.

Shortly after my arrival at Yen-an, I asked to have the Catholics of the city brought in to talk to me. The communists agreed. But I waited day after day, week after week. Not one Catholic was brought. Finally, I demanded to go out to visit the group of Catholics who lived about three miles outside the walled city.

The Catholics were happy to see me. But I sensed an atmosphere of fear. The cadres were all around us. I announced I would say Mass next morning in the cathedral.

In preparation for Mass the next day, I suggested the Catholics prepare to go to confession. Much to my surprise, there was no response. The Catholics turned the question aside by saying, "Wait a while." Suspecting something wrong, I stood up and made toward the kitchen, saying, "I'm going to get a drink of water." This left little excuse for the communist spies to follow me. In the kitchen I asked one of the

Catholics why they did not go to confession. "We are all afraid," was the answer. I tried to encourage them: "Mao Tse-tung has assured me that you can follow out the practice of your faith here." He answered, "You do not understand, Father. After you leave, they will call us in and terrify us." There was only one thing to do. I passed the word around and gave general absolution.

In one group there were 14 children to be baptized. I was asking the elderly lady in charge for the data—names, date and place of birth, parents, etc.—when I was interrupted by one of the group, speaking in perfect English: "What are you asking those questions for?" His tone was insolent. "Have you any authority here?" he went on. It was one of the spies from the near-by Yen-an university. When I complained to the higher communists about his interference, I was told, "There have been some lesser cadres who in their ignorance have not shown a good spirit toward Catholics." I could very well imagine how those "lesser" cadres terrorize the defenseless people.

Although there was little freedom of anything in Yen-an, the communists pointed with great pride to the "state of success" attained in their plan to have everyone "well-fed and well-clothed." Around Yen-an it did look that way, although there was little of beauty, nothing fancy; no nice feminine touch in the baggy, untailored jacket-and-trousers uniform of the women and girls. But the "success" did

not seem to have reached very far beyond the communist center.

I confess to a genuine liking for many of the communists I met. But their system is the main consideration. With Chinese communists as with all communists, the main fault is that the most important things are not held in common, not even allowed to the men and women under their power. Communism in China is of a piece with communism everywhere. "The Chinese communist party," affirms Mao Tse-tung, "has no principles of its own. It needs none. We have the principles of international communism."

The vast majority of the people of China know the communists' bad record. They are regarded in much the same light as we Americans regard our small minority of gangsters. Superior though such gangsters might be at times to our FBI agents, no one would insist on the President's giving them assignments in the FBI, opening our arsenals to them, or making them officers in our Army, although just this is what some well-meaning foreign correspondents, and even military men, have virtually suggested in appealing for Chinese unity—with the implications of equal voices—between the few but clever communists and the more than 99% of the rest of the Chinese people.

The strategy of communist leaders during the stay of the press party in Yen-an was to allow the lesser communists to impress us with a desire for a settlement with the Central Government (which they insist on calling the Kuomintang). Those lesser com-

munists carried out their part well—emotionally so. But the trick was that only the decision of Mao Tse-tung could bring about such a settlement.

The truth is that it is too much to the advantage of the communists *not* to make a settlement. Their propaganda friends in the U. S. can thus make out a better case against the Government of China. The Japanese invasion of China has given the communists their best possible opportunity. They can sneak into the country sections around the Japanese bases and take over the leadership of the people.

When they find rivals in those sections in the Central Government officials and units of the National Army (those are in most parts even of Occupied China), the communists try to drive them out or kill them. They have admitted such "incidents." The longer this break goes on between the small minority of communists and the Central Government and the people, the more opportunities they secure for spreading their leadership.

Apparently, Mao Tse-tung must wait for the "green light" from Stalin before doing anything.



A moment of grave decision dropping into the life of a Midwestern woman: to leave her \$30,000 estate to her son or her dog. The terrier won.

A Philadelphia lady set up a trust fund "to see that my dog, Boots, is well cared for during his lifetime, and at his death buried with my deceased cat, Babe." In Los Angeles, three dogs and six cats, heirs to a \$16,000 estate, received formal notices of a hearing from the local superior court. Mentioned by name as legatees in the will, they rated these formal notices. Added also to the ranks of the newly rich is a New England tiger tomcat, Buster, bequeathed \$40,000 by a Boston lawyer. Twenty-five dogs and one Persian cat were named heirs and heiresses, and received a \$100,000 trust fund in the will of a recently deceased Long Island woman. The pets are now settled in their guardian's guest room, a 25-foot-square chamber with tiled bathroom.

Arising is a new type of family composed of husband, wife, dog (and no children for the dog to play with). Years ago, Shakespeare exclaimed: "O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts, and men have lost their reason." Lest the exclamation of the poet be too much verified in our time, perhaps it may be well to dust off a fundamental truth, to wit: Man is infinitely more precious and valuable than any animal. God never said, "Let Us make animals in Our image and likeness." Only of man did He say that. God did not give a fox terrier or a tomcat dominion over the earth. Man alone received that. True, there must be kindness for animals, but a line has to be drawn somewhere, as the deacon said when he found a skunk in his kitchen. Overstepping the line, surely, are those husbands and wives who raise dogs instead of children.

John A. Toomey in *America* (14 April '45).

Hitler's Conquest of America

Via the new realism

By ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

Condensed from an address*

The most distressing aspect of the world into which you are going is its indifference to basic issues, which now, as always, are moral issues. The discussion of questions on which our fate turns is not even conducted in moral language. The word *security*, which is the great word today, has no moral significance; for the worst men can, and usually do, want it. The words *peace*, *justice*, *co-operation*, *community*, and *charity* have fallen out of our vocabulary. They are, in fact, regarded as signs of weakness and as showing that the one who uses them is guilty of the capital crime of modern times, lack of realism.

The rise of the new realism was bound to produce confusion in America; for the new realism is nothing but the old *Realpolitik*. It represents the conquest of the U. S. by Hitler. It suggests that the one powerful nation in the world which claimed to hate Machiavellianism, and repudiated the doctrine that military superiority implies moral superiority must now embrace these theories or be accused of being "soft." A nation which fought two wars to end war must now, in the hour of victory, plan to have the greatest navy in the world; it must have perpetual conscription; and it must get all the island bases it can lay its hands on. A nation which has pretended to the

name of Christian must now abandon the attempt to deserve it.

This moral confusion is matched by an intellectual disintegration. We seem not to see or not to care about the stupidity of following contradictory policies and taking contradictory attitudes. Intellectual integrity is coming to be regarded as a sign of softness, too. So we call Japanese soldiers fanatics when they die rather than surrender, whereas American soldiers who do the same thing are heroes. We prove that all Germans are murderers and all Japanese apes, and at the same time insist that we are going to have one world in which all men are brothers. We say we are going to re-educate Germans, and adopt a policy of nonfraternization. We hate slavery and propose forced labor. We want Europe rebuilt, but will have no heavy industry in Germany. We want order in Europe, but not if we have to sacrifice to prevent starvation. We are against dictatorship, but the dictatorship of the proletariat is an exception. And the new day dawns by the light of burning Japanese homes.

The new realism is so unrealistic that it blinds us to our own interests. We are like those rugged realistic advocates of the high protective tariff who propose to export vast quantities of goods without admitting any imports to pay for them. To state the

*Graduation address at the University of Chicago, June 15, 1945.

thing in its lowest terms, in terms of money and power, which the new realists claim are the only terms there are, our political and economic interests require a prosperous Germany and Japan. Our interests may, in the light of current readjustments of power in both Europe and Asia, require a strong Germany and Japan. But we cannot trade with those who have nothing. And we cannot be sure that our present allies will always be our friends and that we shall not at some time need the help of our present enemies. Mr. Churchill must have regretted in a very short time the unwise words he uttered about Russia five years ago. He said: "Everyone can see how communism rots the soul of a nation, how it makes it abject and hungry in peace, and proves it base, abominable in war."

The conquest of the U. S. by Hitler is revealed by our adoption of the nazi doctrine that certain races or nations are superior and fit to rule, whereas others are fit only to be exterminated or enslaved. We now talk about guilty races. We say about the Germans and Japanese what Hitler said about the Jews. And we say about ourselves what Hitler said about blond Teutonic Aryans. A graduate of the University of Chicago told me he wished a dense cloud of poison gas would settle over the Japanese islands and destroy every man, woman, and child in them. He had the grace to add, "Maybe I'm not a Christian." Without debating the Christianity of declaring war on women and children, I merely point out the arrogance of the assumption that any

American is fit to judge all Japanese.

Hitler's conquest proceeds apace as we succumb to the idea that social and political problems can be most effectively solved with a firing squad. I insist that criminals must be punished. Justice demands that none guilty escape. At the same time it must be clear that criminals are individuals, not nations nor races. They should be punished for what they individually did. What they did to deserve punishment at the hands of human judges must have been illegal at the time it was done. If the judgment is to command the respect of Americans, it must be shown that the act was one which a patriotic American would not have committed if he had been a patriotic German. Punishment for illegal acts must be meted out legally, with a fair trial and adherence to the Anglo-Saxon principle that every man is presumed innocent until he is proved guilty. We must remember the ancient doctrine that no man is a good judge in his own cause. And it would do us no harm to apply the maxim of equity that one must come into court with clean hands.

We should hesitate to punish Germans for acts which we have committed or may commit. Are we prepared to stand trial for violation of treaties and attacks on undefended places? In the face of the tommy guns of the SS would we have remained true to our ideals of democracy? Is the standard we intend to impose on the Germans the standard of heroes and saints, or that of the ordinary man, who throughout the world thinks first

of his family and second about his principles? We could wish that all men were prepared to die for their principles in peace and war. We do not expect Americans to do it except in war.

We may hesitate to punish Germans for crimes against Germans unless we are ready for a foreign investigation of American crimes against Americans. I should feel better about having Americans judge the anti-Semitism and the concentration camps of Germany if I could forget the anti-Semitism and lynchings in the U.S. Our religious and racial intolerance is unorganized, and violence is sporadic and illegal. We have not yet gone in for these things on the grand nazi scale. But we are sufficiently vulnerable to lay ourselves open to embarrassment if we set ourselves to pass judgment on the domestic conduct of other nations.

Of one crime the German people were certainly guilty, and that is the crime which the new realism sanctifies, the crime of indifference. The German people, all but a few million, were indifferent to the rights of man and indifferent to their violation by those in power. If any nation can be found which is not guilty of this crime, then it is qualified to judge the German people. As for ourselves, it is not unfair to say that the American people, except for a few million, are guilty of the crime of indifference in the face of race prejudice, economic exploitation, political corruption, and degradation of oppressed minorities. This guilt does not assist our claim to judge and punish the German people for theirs.

We all believe that what was mis-called "reconstruction" in the South after the Civil War was a blunder, if not a crime. One factor that shaped public opinion was the revelation of the treatment of prisoners at Andersonville in Georgia, where, out of 50,000, 13,000 died. Thus, Southerners were then the guilty race. They must be kept down by military force until the end of time. They could not be permitted to rejoin the society of respectable citizens. Talk of nonfraternization, of reducing the South to a subsistence level, and the punishment of war criminals filled the air. Every Southerner was guilty of favoring slavery and rebellion, though it was known that thousands, like Robert E. Lee, had reluctantly taken up arms only because they thought it was their duty to their States.

Andersonville was an atrocity. Those responsible deserved punishment. We know now that Andersonville did not prove the depravity of the South. We know that by acting as though it did the North hurt itself and delayed the recovery of the entire country.

Today we struggle to build a world community. It is impossible that 125 million Germans and Japanese can be excluded. We are told that the development of transportation has brought us as close to Berlin as Richmond was to Washington. If this is so, we have on an international scale the same task today that Lincoln had in 1865. We now believe his policy was the right, the realistic, one. We believe that if that policy had been followed the national

community would have soon been restored, and years of suffering, which still leave their mark, would have been avoided. The new realism, in addition to thwarting our own interests, which it falsely pretends to serve, ignores all the facts, the facts of history and of human nature.

If the policy of Lincoln is the right, the realistic one, and if our task is the same as his, the words of the *Second*

Inaugural should be our guide: "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in: to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."



Asides

For me religion and faith have never come through churches and rarely through man. These things have well-ed up in me many times in contact with animals and trees and landscape. —*Louis Bromfield*.

PROBABLY WHEN UP A TREE WITH A BEAR BELOW.

Superman is featured in a vocabulary workbook now in use in Lynn, Mass., public schools.—*News item*.

A LOCOMOTIVE IN ONE HAND AND A SPELLER IN THE OTHER.

Harvard anthropologist E. A. Hooton advocates universal military training for women, to improve their physiques, enable them to wear pants, check prodigal breeding, and prevent divorces, broken homes and abandoned children.—Quoted by *James T. Howard* in *PM* (15 June '45).

IT SHOULD ALSO PRODUCE PERMANENT WAVES.

The Vatican would have merely repeated what it did in 1926 in the case of Mexico when it declared an interdict against the concordat.—*Heinz Pol* in the *Protestant* (May '45).

IS THERE A DICTIONARY IN THE HOUSE?

Of all the subjects most discussed, the first is sex and next comes necking. —*Elizabeth Woodward*.

SOUNDS LIKE THE SAME THING FROM HERE.

Some Catholics in this country are lined up with some rabbis trying to bring about racial equality for the n—rs. Some of my best friends are Catholics. A Catholic priest in my state gives me a birthday present every year. But you can't get away from the fact that some of them are rotten.—*Senator Theodore G. Bilbo* of Mississippi.

IS THAT A NICE THING TO SAY ABOUT BIRTHDAY PRESENTS?

The GIs' Liturgical Church

Love built a house

By WILLIAM J. LEONARD, S.J.

Condensed from *Orate Fratres**

The great problem in New Guinea was to build a church. The three ordnance battalions which you found under your charge, had never had chaplain nor chapel. But when you arrived you were given permission to erect one, so plans buzzing in your head for months began to jell, and from your first sermon to your new congregation you tried to throw out hints that might prepare their minds for it. Architecture was not your strong point, structural engineering much less, but you remembered a plan drawn by Barry Byrne for *Liturgical Arts* three years ago, and a friend sent you a picture from *Time* of St. Mark's church in Burlington, Vt., that helped you explain to your puzzled draughtsman what it was you wanted. "I dunno," he said, "it looks more like a boxing ring than a church to me."

"Well," you said, "a boxing ring has certain advantages. Everyone can see what goes on. In the conventional style of church, poor Joe Doakes, down in the last pew, cannot see and has a hard time hearing; it is almost impossible for him to take an active part in the Mass." "O.K.," he sighed. "And you don't want any center posts?" "Work on it," you grinned.

As a supply base, your station was fading in importance as the attack moved northward, with the result that

materials for new construction had been frozen. You spent the next ten weeks scrounging what lumber you could from areas being evacuated by troops moving up, lugging 4x4's and 2x6's, begging salvage canvas for the roof, watching in despair your hardly accumulated materials commandeered. Meanwhile, plans for decorating were being carried out by mechanics and metalworkers. The GI is a being of infinite resourcefulness and amazing ingenuity; he has, besides, a characteristic lovable generosity which always cheerfully undertakes and produces the impossible. You learned rapidly to stay away from "the brass" when you wanted something and to hunt up instead the sergeant. By and large, the race of three-stripers is a kindly, obliging one, and they seem to take the chaplain, who, like themselves, is a buffer state between higher-ups and lower-downs, under their own fraternal protection. This is not to decry the interest and real cooperation of an occasional captain or lieutenant, much less the whole-souled cooperation of the T/5, the Pfc., and the lowly buck, but when you wanted something, you went automatically to the sergeant, and infallibly you came away with it.

Army regulations provide that unit chapels be available for services of all faiths, and that there be nothing in the

*St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn. June 17, 1943.

way of decoration peculiar to any one religion or offensive to others. But you were fortunate, inasmuch as the Protestant chaplain had his own chapel only a few hundred yards away, and the Jewish men were cared for at the base chapel. So you went ahead, with the sanction of the authorities, to make your chapel a distinctively Catholic church. The men liked that, naturally; the average Army chapel is so carefully neutral that it stands for almost nothing save the vague idea of "religion." Probably it has done as much as any other feature of Army life to confirm an already widespread indifferentism.

The best summary of the furnishing of the chapel might be given by quoting from the brochure distributed to the men on the day the chapel was dedicated: "The 9th Ordnance Battalion chapel was designed to be emphatically a place where men of the ordnance department could worship God. We are not infantry, air corps, nor artillery; we are ordnance. And as such we have a gift to offer God that is peculiarly our own: the work we do in our shops and offices. In dedicating our work to God, then, we are dedicating our lives to Him in a manner more exclusive, perhaps, than we ever did at home. We are giving Him these years of our lives, laying on His altar our youthful energies as an acceptable sacrifice.

"Again, for most of us, life in New Guinea is a hardship. Heat, rains, inconvenience of the chow line, life in the open, and, more than anything, the loneliness of separation from those we

love—are real difficulties, but can be accepted as God's present disposition of us; can be offered to Him in union with His own eternal Sacrifice.

"Our chapel was constructed with these two ideas in mind. Every means has been used to bring them to the attention of the congregation.

"Instead of having the altar at the far end of the chapel, a custom which tends to remove the worshiper from active participation, the altar was set in the center, with the congregation seated about it on three sides. Supporting posts, which often obstruct the worshiper's view of the altar, were eliminated. The altar is set on a high platform reached by three broad steps, so that it is the dominant feature of the entire chapel, concentrating attention on itself. The main aisles converge from two vestibules directly on the altar, like two searchlights picking out a target.

"The base of the altar is a solid, 500-pound log of New Guinea mahogany, planed, sanded, and polished; to it is affixed an outline map of our island in polished steel. The table of the altar is likewise made of native mahogany planks. The supporting legs are two 90mm. shells, their brass gleaming in contrast with the smoldering red of the mahogany. The candlesticks are of brass shimstock, made in the likeness of the ordnance insignia, a flaming bomb. The missal stand is of heavy brass wire, and has a crossed hammer and wrench, typical ordnance tools, worked into its back. So both New Guinea and ordnance are symbolized

in the very table of Sacrifice. The same ideas are carried out in miniature in the credence table, which, made of mahogany and a single shell, is a replica of the altar.

"As far as ingenuity could suggest, the same ideas have been emphasized in the other furnishings of the altar. The holy-water stoup is the base of a shell, and the aspergill, or sprinkler, was made of brass and mahogany. The thurible was formerly two jeep pistons. The tabernacle, not yet completed, will resemble a pyramidal tent like the ones we live in, to convey the idea expressed in the original Greek of St. John's Gospel: 'And the Word was made flesh, and pitched His tent amongst us.'

"Against the rear wall behind the altar are drapes of crimson rayon, and the canopy over the altar is covered with the same richly colored material, so that the entire sanctuary is invested with a deep red glow, the color of devotion, the color that stands for blood, life and love, an appropriate setting for the scene of the perfect Sacrifice to which we are invited to join our own.

"Sharply etched against the red drapes is a Chi-Rho monogram in white silk: the first two letters, in Greek, of the name of Christ, enclosed in a circle, symbolic of God, inasmuch as it has neither a beginning nor an end.

"Hung a little behind and above the altar is the crucifix, carved of Australian rosewood by one of our own battalion artists. The artist's aim was to represent the triumphant Christ of the resurrection as well as the suffering

Christ of Good Friday, to show that all the sorrows of our Lord ended in victory and peace, and indicate subtly that our present trials may have the same glorious end when we return home, and that eventually we may come through His passion and cross to the glory of His resurrection."

Dialogue Mass in such surroundings was not the innovation it might have otherwise been; the men seemed to feel the departure from custom was sanctioned by the other new things they had made and grown to like. It was easier for the celebrant, too. None of your congregation was more than 24 feet away, and, surrounded by them on three sides, you had a vivid sense of *omnium circumstantium*. And the two high Masses you were able to have delighted them. They seemed particularly taken by the *Asperges*, with its pageant-like sweep down the wide aisles and its solemn lustration of the congregation, reminding them of their Baptism and their privilege as sons of God to go in to the altar of God. One wondered why these things had not been made familiar from childhood; many said they had never really seen the *Asperges* before.

But the Army is a standing reminder that we have not here an abiding city. Ten weeks were all you had to enjoy your chapel. Then the altar and the furnishings disappeared into crates and into the transport. You looked back across the open water and saw the frame of the chapel melt into the jungle. It would have been good to have lived through one liturgical year

there—if it were not in New Guinea, and if the Philippines did not lie ahead: a long step toward victory and peace and home for war-weary GIs. Perhaps there would be other ordnance

chapels north of the Southern Cross. After all, the sergeants were going with you. So was man's innate yearning to understand his worship of God and to share it.



Some of the greatest football players Notre Dame ever has had were non-Catholics. Among them were Rockne (later a convert), Howard (Cap) Edwards, Stan Cofall, Noble Kizer, Buck Shaw, George Gipp (who was received into the Church on his deathbed), Chet Grant, Larry Danbom, Fod Cotton, Chet Wynne, Frank Thomas, Ike Voedisch, Marty Brill, Wayne Millner, Andy Pilney, Bill Shakespeare, Bill Smith, captain of the 1936 team, and Hunk Anderson. That does not complete the list, but is a fair sample.

There are many stories told, some of them true, about unusual experiences of non-Catholic football players at Notre Dame having insulting remarks directed at them by opponents who thought they were talking to Catholics, but probably the most celebrated incident of this character occurred after the Iowa-Notre Dame game in Iowa City, when Iowa upset the Irish, 10-7, for the first defeat ever suffered by a Rockne-coached varsity following the war. Anderson was the central figure, and Hunk, now head coach of the Chicago Bears during the football season and a prosperous Detroit businessman during the off season, won't mind having the story told on him after nearly a quarter of a century.

After that game Hunk went into a restaurant for a bite to eat, hung up

his new \$5 hat, and soon heard several patrons of the restaurant discussing the game in most uncomplimentary terms to the losing team. Hunk kept his peace until the diners started inserting the religious issue, and finally, unable to stand it any longer, he organized himself into a one-man gang and sailed into the Kluxers.

When he reached the station, most of the Notre Dame players were on the train, and Rockne asked him what had happened. Hunk told him, after which main force was necessary to keep the rest of the players aboard. A constable came along with a warrant for Hunk; Rockne kept the officer engaged in conversation, hoping for the train to pull out before the warrant could be served.

Pretty soon, one of the players came up to Rockne and whispered, "Rock, Hunk's not on the train; what's happened to him?"

Rockne was just about ready to mobilize the entire squad to start out on a search for his missing star when Hunk came striding down the platform, his jaw protruding in characteristic fashion, and his countenance breathing defiance.

"Where've you been?" asked the astonished Rockne.

"Oh," replied Hunk, "I forgot my new hat, so I went back to the restaurant and got it!"

Jim Costin in *Our Sunday Visitor* (24 Dec. '44).

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Brennan, Robert Edward. **HISTORY OF PSYCHOLOGY FROM THE STANDPOINT OF A THOMIST.** *New York: Macmillan.* 277 pp. \$3. Experimental psychology is a relatively new study, but philosophical, or speculative, psychology goes back many centuries. The author knows both fields, presents the development of the science of human nature from earliest times to the present.

Criss, Mildred. **DOM PEDRO OF BRAZIL.** *New York: Dodd, Mead.* 308 pp. \$2.50. While other South American countries were indulging in post-independence chaos, Brazil enjoyed internal peace and prosperity. The learned emperor Dom Pedro was symbol and guide of the growing nation. A book for youth.

Henríquez-Ureña, Pedro. **LITERARY CURRENTS IN HISPANIC AMERICA** (*Charles Eliot Norton Lectures, 1940-1941*). *Cambridge: Harvard University Press.* 345 pp. \$3.50. Integrated, masterly view of Latin-American culture from the days of Columbus to 1940, by a top-flight scholar. Extensive bibliographical notes have independent reference value.

Loewenstein, Hubertus, Prince zu. **THE CHILD AND THE EMPEROR: A LEGEND.** *New York: Macmillan.* 70 pp. \$1.50. Tale of a first-century sea voyage from Palestine to Rome, and the divine Child meeting with the great Augustus. The emperor of the world bows to the King of Grace. Imagination and a light touch qualify it for a place in every high-school library.

Marshall, Bruce. **THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND FATHER SMITH.** *Boston: Houghton Mifflin.* 191 pp. \$2.50. Novel about a priest at work in Scotland from 1908 to the German bombing; by the author of *Father Malachy's Miracle*.

Pound, Arthur. **LAKE ONTARIO** (*The American Lakes Series*). *Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.* 384 pp., illus. \$3.50. Smallest of the Great Lakes but the one with the longest history. French-and-Indian and American-British wars mark the early days. The last 125 years are an era of settlement and industry on the U. S. and Canadian shores and of trade upon its waters.

Sargent, Daniel. **MITRI; or, The Story of Prince Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin, 1770-1840.** *New York: Longmans.* 327 pp., illus. \$3.50. Russian nobleman convert who spent 45 years in the Pennsylvania backwoods as pastor, and founder of the Loretto settlement. Live picture of the early 19th-century Allegheny frontier.

Scally, Sister Mary Anthony, R.S.M. **NEGRO CATHOLIC WRITERS, 1900-1943: A BIO-BIBLIOGRAPHY.** *Detroit: Romig.* 152 pp. \$2.20. Sketches of 20th-century U.S. writers, with an annotated list of the productions of each. An interesting subject-index indicates the themes with which Negroes have concerned themselves.

Taintor, Eliot. **SEPTEMBER REMEMBER.** *New York: Prentice-Hall.* 322 pp. \$2.75. How the quit-drinking program of Alcoholics Anonymous works, in excellent fiction form. Definitely only for grownups.

White, W. L. **REPORT ON THE RUSSIANS.** *New York: Harcourt, Brace.* 309 pp. \$2.50. The report is honest and factual—qualities which have angered U.S. communists.